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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

Death not Regarded as an Event to be Shunned.
Interesting Incidents in Connection with the Change from Earth to Spirit Life.

The following article on "Death," from the pen of Dr. Eugene Crowl, was originally published in that excellent paper, *The Two Worlds*. It is very entertaining and instructive, and should be carefully perused by every Christian as well as by Spiritualists.

Modern Spiritualism teaches, as was taught by primitive Christianity, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and it further teaches that there is a soul, or essence, and thus man is a trinity. The revelations of Modern Spiritualism have also made clear to our understanding that the spiritual body is organized like the physical, and co-exists with it, is unaffected by death, being indestructible, and serves the same purposes in the next stage of existence that the physical body does in this, being in all respects, excepting that of gross materiality, the counterpart of that.

This spiritual body, animated by the divine essence of soul, constitutes the spiritual man, and as death is the means of liberating and introducing this spiritual man to the next and final state of existence, it is desirable that we should at the outset acquire a correct general understanding of its real nature and purpose. To the Angel of Death we shall all sooner or later become indebted for services rendered.

There are few subjects which have been more distorted by ignorance, more misunderstood, and misrepresented, than death, and the fear it inspires is so general that to speak of it on ordinary occasions, or in social gatherings, is regarded as an offence against good-breeding, and so far from religion having conquered it, it is the conqueror of religion. The antiquated and false opinions of the majority of the Old Testament writers regarding death, have permeated and corrupted the Christian religion, and the modern Christian dreads death far more than the ancient pagan did, or than modern pagans and even modern unbelievers do. Few Christians will admit the fact, but their fears frequently testify that they are nearly as hopeless of the future as was Job, when he exclaimed: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." And it is not only the fear of annihilation that haunts the minds of so many intelligent persons in our day, but apprehensions, more or less vivid, of eternal suffering render multitudes even more unhappy.

"If were," said Martin Luther, in his Table Talk, "a light and easy thing for a Christian to suffer and overcome death if he knew not that it were God's wrath." In other words, if men's minds were not corrupted by false teachings, they would not regard death with fear and trembling, as the majority now do. In the same vein was the remark of an old, decrepit, half-starved pauper in the Scherharie County, N. Y., Poor House, to a visitor. "It is," said he, "a pity to live, but my excuse is that it's more terrible to die."

DEATH RARELY PAINFUL.

Death is simply the separation of the spiritual body from the physical, and in itself is rarely painful. All observant physicians testify to this fact, and as to the fear that the dying are supposed to have of death, this, as a rule, is more imaginary than real. A writer in the *Galaxy*, some time since, confirmed the results of my own observation so fully, and expressed my own views of this subject so clearly, that I am induced to quote his words. He said: "It has so happened that I have seen many men and women die. I have very many times

been present when sick persons were ebbing to eternity. I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Their thoughts were fixed on what they were quitting; not on what they were going to. I observed that some of them were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but that, the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquillity seemed to descend upon them as a substitute, and afterward, if free from physical pain, there was untroubled peace. If encouraged to believe they might get well, or if they had a favorable turn, the old anxiety, with something of the former apprehension, reappeared; proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, not of their fear of death. Thus was established a clear analogy between material and spiritual anguish under the same circumstances. As we have seen, they who are badly hurt, or seriously ill, experience suffering in going back to life, while the downward path to death, both for the body and the soul, is paved with smoothness and serenity."

"Beyond the merely instinctive desire to exist," says Dr. Spencer, "the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse, the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind." And Dr. Warren says:

"When the blood ceases to be oxygenated, physical sensibility is destroyed, and the oxygenation of the blood being accomplished by the lungs, if these organs are obstructed, a proportionate privation of sensibility will necessarily be the result. The lungs are the weakest of all the great vital organs; they ordinarily begin to die sooner than other parts, and their function is actually suspended before that of other organs. Hence it follows that the oxygenation of the blood being gradually suspended, the privation of nervous sensibility immediately ensues, and there can be no suffering. These theoretical notions are supported by facts. So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will, in the greater number of instances, answer in the negative; yet there may be, at the same time a frightful appearance of distress.

"My opinion, therefore, founded on a great number of observations of the character above mentioned, is that death is not generally painful, and that nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases already alluded to, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

The testimony of Dr. Madden, Physician to the State Prison, at Sing Sing, is, that "the prisoners die on the cots where they are sick, in the main room of the hospital, surrounded by their sick fellow prisoners. Death-bed scenes there are not very different from those elsewhere. My experience has been," he says, "that all persons when they come to die are in nearly the same condition of indifference. The time when they have the horrors is when they are afraid they are going to be sick enough to die; and then I don't think convicts are more horrified at the thought of death than other persons are."

Of the multitudes of those who have been hanged, many have returned to consciousness, and at least the majority of these have testified to the same effect as did John Burns, an old citizen of St. Louis County, Mo., whose character for truthfulness was vouched for by a writer in the *St. Louis Republican*. "Some time during the war of the rebellion, some ruffians, who desired to be thought bushwhackers, came upon Mr. Burns at his house, intending to compel him to give up some money that he was supposed to have. Burns had none, and told them so. They did not believe him, and their next move was to cut a cord out of a bedstead, tie one end around Burns' neck, throw the other over a joist overhead, and pull him up till his feet were clear of the floor. This they did four times, questioning him between whiles. Burns says that he lost consciousness every time as soon as his feet left the floor, that he felt no pain at any time, that after the second hoist he meant to sham continued insensibility when they let him drop again, but it was beyond his power. His first consciousness was that he had raised his body to a sitting position, on the floor, which put shamming out of the question. He experienced no pain when the rope tightened, nor while he was suspended, nor after he was released, except the soreness caused on the skin by the chafing of the rope."

Another correspondent of the same journal had a more extended experience of the feelings of the dying, for at one time he was nearly drowned, and at another nearly frozen to death. He says: "I was crossing a bridge over a wide but shallow stream, in a lonely place, and accidentally fell off. When I say shallow, I mean for such a wide body of water. It was over my head by two or three feet. I saw nobody near me and could not swim a stroke. I knew how deep the water was, and gave myself up for lost. The quickness of the senses when sudden death seems impending has frequently

been noted, but still, without experience, no one can realize it. It is as if one's whole life were spread out in a panorama before him, every portion of which was visible at once. Every minute detail of things long forgotten, and which when they happened were so trifling that they apparently made no impression on the memory, stand out in sharp and bold outline. I remembered, for instance, games of marbles, played when I was a boy, and a futile attempt I once made to transmute a 'common' into a 'white alloy' by greasing it with lard, wrapping it in a rag, and roasting it in the fire. I remembered how the marble bursted in the operation, and how a piece of it struck and cut the cheek of the boy who had beguiled me into the experiment, and the satisfaction I experienced at the retributive justice. It seemed as if everything I had ever done, suffered, or thought, was presented to my memory at a single flash.

"Then I struck the water, when a sound, which I have since learned to liken to the roar of the Niagara, burst on my ears and stunned me with its overwhelming volume. I remembered a brief instant of struggling and clutching, and then a sense of sinking—sinking—sinking—until I had reached a depth of thousands of fathoms. I neither suffered pain nor felt alarmed, but had a vague feeling of being irresistibly borne to some catastrophe, the climax to which would be terrible. Suddenly I found myself possessed of the power of floating or wafting myself along by mere volition. With a delicious feeling of languid indolence I suffered myself to float about—not in the water, but in the air—skimming over the surface of the ground in whatever direction I chose, hither and thither, as a wayward fancy led. I was conscious that it was a new power, and I exulted in its possession and reasoned on its nature. I found that my body was as light as the air in which it moved, and imagined that a thistle down would feel as I did, if possessed of consciousness. Then I was in the water again, and everything around me had a roseate hue, which speedily changed to green, then to violet, and finally to utter darkness, and then all was blank.

"As I subsequently learned, some men in a skiff a half a mile away had seen me fall into the water and hurried to my assistance, but I had disappeared long before they reached the spot. Many minutes elapsed before they found me, and half an hour afterwards before the physicians, who had been summoned, arrived. They pronounced me dead, and that they made any attempt to resuscitate me was due solely to the persistence of an intimate friend of mine who had accompanied them.

"Nearly a dozen years after the above experience I became a citizen of the West, and commenced opening a new farm in a sparsely settled country. The place was about ten miles from the nearest town, and one pleasant day near the last of December I went to the latter in a light spring wagon to get some supplies for Christmas festivities. The day was so mild that I did not even wear an overcoat. About the time I started home, which was a little after sundown, it began to grow suddenly cold and presently a storm almost amounting to a hurricane broke from the north, bringing with it the temperature of Nova Zembla. In this region of marked climatic vicissitudes I never before or since knew any so great. The mercury fell in an hour to forty degrees below zero. Under ordinary circumstances I could easily have made the ride home in that time, but I was going in the teeth of the wind; so that I could make but little over half the usual speed. I suffered severely from the cold but not more than I had many a time before and have many a time since, but as you may imagine was anxious to get home as quickly as possible. When I had got within a couple of miles of there, I found the weather growing pleasant again. My ears, that had stung and smarted with the cold, no longer troubled me. My hands, though still numb, had a firm grip of the lines, and seated in the bottom of the wagon with my back and shoulders resting on the seat, I would have been quite comfortable, except that I was so drowsy that I could scarcely keep awake. I comforted myself with the reflection that I would soon be at home snugly tucked in bed, where I could sleep to my heart's content. While indulging in this pleasing reverie I dropped asleep, and what followed I only learned from my family.

"They had concluded that finding the sudden change in temperature I had either determined to spend the night in town, or had returned there for that purpose in case I had stayed home before the cold began. At eight o'clock, having given me up, they retired to bed and to sleep. About nine o'clock my wife was awakened by the repeated whinnying of a horse in front of the house. She never suspected that it was ours, but took it for a stray, and from motives of humanity called up one of the men and ordered it to be put in the stable. When the man went out and found that it was our own horse, and that I was in the wagon apparently dead and frozen stiff, he made an outcry that soon brought out the household. Fortunately my wife had recently been reading of the proper mode of treating persons partially frozen, and therefore knew that I must not be taken into a warm room, but must be rubbed with snow. Plenty of snow had fallen, and I was stripped and well rubbed with it until I began to show signs of animation. Then frictions with coarse cloths were used until I was sufficiently restored to scream with the torture they were putting me to. Every portion of my body seemed as sensitive as a boil. I felt

as if I had been stung all over with wasps or hornets until I was swollen pulp, ready to burst at any point like an over ripe cherry. The joints of my fingers, toes, ankles, and wrists seemed as if screwed in red hot vises till the blood was ready to ooze out from the extremities, and I could scarcely persuade myself that my finger and toe nails were not being forced off by the pressure. I soon became delirious and a raging fever set in, from which I did not recover for weeks. But when I did recover my physical condition was better than ever before. I had been slim and almost puny before, but now I became hearty and robust as you see me now, so that at sixty I am strong and active as most men are at forty. I attribute it to my having been frozen to the verge of death."

Death by freezing is a gradual process, and as vitality decreases the connecting bonds between spirit and body are weakened. The moment death has accomplished its work the spirit is liberated, and even if no spirit-friends are near to conduct it to its spirit-home, its own instinctive desire to escape from its uncomfortable surroundings will, ordinarily, guide it unerringly to its proper destination.

In December, 1878, the editor of *The Gardiner Journal*, Maine, had a narrow escape from death, his horse running away as he hung in the wheel. He thus describes his sensations and thoughts: "Oh, can't some of my spirit-friends do something to help me out of this scrape? Do something I said or thought. It was a prayer not laid down in the books, and perhaps the form was not stated nor formal. Short as it was, it did me good. I saw then crowds of spirits around me—part of whom I knew. I do not see what they can do, I thought, and as they seemed to hover round the front part of the wagon, and over the horse, I wondered how they kept up with him. Then I thought perhaps they will take the old horse's strength away, but I couldn't see very clearly how they were to do this—for old Robin was a hard customer to 'dematerialize.' I probably should have lived but a few seconds longer. The reins had worn off upon the wheels just when my strength was all gone. Had I died, people would pityingly have said it was a horrible death—but really I suffered very little. All the pain I had up to now had not been equal to what I suffered last summer in one day from the bite of an insect. The shock was such that my nerves of sensation were benumbed. I had no fears, in fact there was a physical sort of feeling that it was a bundle about three feet long, with a sort of handle to it (which was my left leg probably), that was bouncing along over the ground, which I was trying to untangle. Then there was another self who had to take care of the wheel, untangle the rein, talk to old Robin, yell to the dog, and attend to matters generally; while the third self seemed to do the thinking, and I kind of liked that one the best. I had often heard that in such crises as these one's whole life passes in review before him, and I thought of that fact, but I had no such experience. I had only one regret for deeds done or left undone, and that was that I had neglected my usual custom of taking accident tickets, and this regret I felt ashamed of. My only thought was of my wife. The knowledge that I have faced death unflinchingly is not without satisfaction to me, and there is a something that I feel which I cannot describe, that assures me that there were more powerful influences than my own aiding, comforting and sustaining me. My religious friends will say it was the Good Father, and it matters not what we call it, the feeling is the same. I do not feel of sufficient consequence to merit God's special providence, but that loving friends from the other sphere may have comforted and sustained me is not repugnant to my common sense, and does not lessen my idea of the goodness and greatness of the Creator."

Every intelligent Spiritualist knows that the writer of the above is fully justified in believing that spirit-friends were present with him, intensely, even painfully interested in his situation, and laboring to rescue him from danger, and it is quite possible that to their efforts he is wholly or partially indebted for his escape. In view of similar accidents, and accidents in a thousand other forms to which we are subject from infancy to old age, it is a perpetual wonder to all reflective minds how a human being can live to reach maturity. It truly is "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tune so long" and especially when we consider the rough usage to which it is subjected. Were it not for the watchful care of guardian angels, earth's population would decrease more rapidly than it now increases.

Among those who narrowly escaped death at the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre, by fire, in December, 1876, were Mr. and Mrs. Niles, of that city. With the latter I had an interview two days after the calamity, and in relating to me her experience on that night, she stated that in attempting to escape by the stairs they were both thrown down and trampled upon, and soon others were heaped on them, until from the pressure and want of air they were suffocated, and in this state of insensibility they were removed in time to save them from death by burning.

Mrs. Niles soon recovered, but her husband remained insensible for a considerable time after being rescued. I questioned the lady upon her thoughts and sensations during the time that elapsed from her first attempts to escape until she had become restored to consciousness, and she stated that when she found herself prostrate and helpless beside her husband, and felt the increasing pressure of other bodies upon her own, her thoughts were not so much of themselves as of the painful effect of the news of their tragic fate upon the minds of their friends; but soon she experienced the sensations of suffocation, these continuing a brief time, when insensibility supervened. She further said that many times previously in her life she had experienced at least equal physical suffering, and that the suffering of the mind exceeded that of the body. In this respect the experience of her husband—so she assured me—was similar to her own.

Thus the testimony of those who are qualified to testify in relation to the sufferings of the dying is overwhelmingly in the negative. That some do suffer while dying is beyond question, but that their sufferings are dependent upon their dying cannot be admitted, for it is probable that these same persons suffered quite as much in the stage of disease preceding the dying period, as they did while dying, probably more, and every physician knows that the majority of his patients suffer more in the first stages of disease than in the later stages. There are few persons who have passed through a serious illness who did not suffer as much in their illness as they would have suffered had it terminated fatally, and where the sufferings attendant upon gradual recovery are super-added, the aggregate of suffering of those who are ill and recover far exceeds that of those who do not recover.

While these remarks apply to the majority of mankind, to the aged death becomes a want, like sleep, and they submit to its embrace as the infant does to that of its mother. They literally fall asleep in the arms of death, and awake, those who have earned this happiness, no longer decrepit and worn, but youthful and vigorous, and radiant with joy and hope. Death, to the virtuous, is the sole and sure remedy for all earthly ills. Thank God that

"The river of death so dark and cold, Is now spanned by a radiant bow," which those whose minds are enlightened with spiritual truth plainly perceive. Such can exclaim with Mrs. Hemans:

"Let others trembling bow,
"Angel of Death, before thee, not to those
Whose spirits with eternal truth repose
Art thou a fearful shape?"
The aspect of death is not revolting to the virtuous, intelligent Spiritualist, for he knows that, "Life is the jailor; Death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free." He knows that death is not only the cessation of physical life, but the commencement of the true and never-ending life of the liberated spiritual man. That in that land of beauty and gladness,

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours,
"But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink
And fear to launch away."

He knows that "there is no conqueror but God and in a spirit of thankfulness can say that if but for sin there would be no death, then thank God for sin.

DEATH DOES NOT CHANGE THE CHARACTER.
Neither the intellectual, moral or affectional natures of men are changed by death. It is only a step in life, and the man himself, the spiritual man, all that constituted the man before death, is identically the same after death. He has not for a moment ceased to exist; he has simply entered on another phase of existence, under more favorable conditions and circumstances, and if he has lived a true life here, he has only been translated from the dull and cheerless regions of earth to the clear sunshine and glorious atmosphere of a better world. It is only through death that man finds freedom and happiness.

"O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment he so low
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!
O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God!"

THE PROCESS.
In common with most investigators of the spiritual philosophy, the writer has always felt a strong desire to obtain specific information relative to the process of being "born again," and will here present some of the results of his inquiries into this subject, and in doing so will speak in the first person.

During the time I had been engaged in investigating the facts of Spiritualism, through the mediumship of Dr. Charles B. Kenney, now more than nine years, a number of my relatives and most intimate friends have crossed the rainbow bridge to the other shore, and in some instances, and in some instances, spirit-friends were present at the separation of the spirit from the body, and we have had frequent and protracted conversations upon the subject, in which they have freely and minutely described the circumstances attendant upon each case, and in all these cases, the processes, in the main, were similar, although they differed in unimportant details.

In a majority of these instances the spirit emerged from the body immediately upon the cessation of respiration, and suddenly appeared amidst the attendant spirits. But in

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTATORS.

Superfluous Criticism Examined.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Politeness, I suppose, would require that I should take some notice of the personal allusions to myself in the JOURNAL by Mr. Coleman and Mr. Hart, in which my grave offenses against lofty principles have been fully set forth and emphatically rebuked.

I have no hesitation in distinctly pleading guilty to the indictment and relying on the mercy of the court. The lamentable offense as charged, is that I have not been as close a reader of the JOURNAL as I should have been, and consequently have overlooked a certain essay by the zealous and industrious Mr. Coleman, which illustrates especially the truth about Krishna.

I acknowledge that the entire contents of the JOURNAL are worthy of perusal by all its readers, and I should never have failed to perform this duty if I were not bankrupt in time. But I cannot possibly read one-tenth of the books that I both desire and need to read; and I never find time to read any newspaper thoroughly. Nevertheless, as I carefully file the JOURNAL, I expect some day to perform a neglected duty and learn all about Krishna that Mr. Coleman has published, and thus receive his pardon!

Meantime with profound respect for the gravity and dignity of the occasion, permit me to say that I do not care three straws for the grave questions concerned, which have been treated with so much solemnity. Whether Krishna lived 1,000 or 3,000 years ago—whether Jacolliot is worthy of any credence—whether Kersey Graves is anywhere near the truth, are questions in which I feel very little interest and which I have not examined.

I am not a historian or teacher of history (which I think of little importance in comparison with science). I merely referred to some current assertions and opinions, as an illustration of an argument, attaching no importance to their accuracy, and not treating my references as matters of positive or accurate knowledge. A very large portion of our ancient history, especially that connected with religion is so mixed with error, fable and fabrication that no one but a historian who gives his life to the subject can feel any positive certainty concerning a single chapter of ancient history on such subjects. Nevertheless we all accept and repeat what is handed down.

Throughout Christendom all the clergy and the great mass of the literati and the respectability of society are habitually repeating the statements of the New Testament, written a hundred and fifty or two hundred years after the events occurred, and therefore morally certain to be destitute of historical accuracy. Those who criticize Dr. Buchanan so vigorously should administer still stronger rebukes to the entire republic of letters and the whole of Christendom, and Mr. H. might end by rebuking himself.

What I do maintain, and what I endeavored to show in my lecture, is that the religious sentiment in man develops itself on certain lines, alike in all ages,—that superior men become the chiefs of their people, and subsequently become partially or entirely deified in the popular mind. In illustrating this by Krishna and Quetzalcoatl I referred to current opinions and traditions as is the custom of authors, without affirming their literal historical correctness, though I did affirm the wonderful analogies in the Mexican and Roman religions, and when I am arraigned for making such reference I fail to perceive the justice of the arraignment. It is a matter of indifference to me if Mr. Coleman should show any current opinions on such subjects to be erroneous—but the students of history may thank him. I see nothing in my lecture which is not quite proper even if Mr. Coleman's views are entirely correct, as to Asia, except the inaccuracy of naming twenty centuries instead of fourteen in connection with the name of Muller. But a single century was as sufficient for my argument as twenty.

The characters of Krishna and Quetzalcoatl as I know them psychometrically justify my comments upon them, and show that there was a real and meritorious basis for the fictions which have gathered around their names. Hereafter I expect to speak of them psychometrically. I have never looked at Graves' "Sixteen Crucified Saviors" nor supposed it to be an accurate historical work, but it is very well known that there was nearly an equal amount of fiction clustered around the history of each of the three Christs; but the Christian fictions associated with Jesus and the Madonna during the first five centuries have generally been dissipated, at least among Protestants, by the light of modern civilization; and the amaroitic influence of modern skepticism even in the church where it has entered, threatens ultimately to degrade the reputation of Jesus so low that the aid of modern Spiritualism and of psychometry will be required to maintain his place in the Pantheon of the illustrious.

As to Quetzalcoatl, historically speaking, and the ancient religion of Mexico, so strangely resembling Christianity, I expressly stated that my views were based entirely on the researches of a friend who is familiar with the Spanish language and who has probably spent more time in the investigation than Mr. Coleman and may have had access to other sources of information. I do not believe that he has been deceived; but different opinions on historical questions have ever been maintained by persons of equal intelligence.

When a conservator of old opinions like Mr. Hart undertakes, upon the facts I have mentioned, to read a homily upon the importance of truth to one whose whole life has been a sacrifice to its pursuit, I fail to discover the modesty and good taste of such a performance.

Now, to change the theme, I would say that I heartily agree with Mr. Coleman's comments upon the strange charity for fraud and the severe censure upon those who honestly perform a duty to the public by telling the truth. The truth ought to be told; and Mr. Coleman has done some good service in that way which would have been more beneficial in its effect and been better appreciated, if he had been a little more moderate in language, and more willing to "give the devil his due," as well as his merited punishment. A criticism to be effective should be appreciative and fair to its subject, but in his recent essay the spirit of controversy leads him to present me to his readers in the way that I do not present myself. My hearers and readers do not regard me as a fervent Christian devotee in direct communion with Jesus, as such expressions are commonly understood—not as one claiming infallibility. But there are some things in which most men would consider themselves infallible—as for example the proposition that two and two make four; and I have maintained not only for myself but for all men of clear intelligence and sound judgment that upon the most important questions and principles of

life and duty we can form a positive judgment and adhere to it with consistency. I am not conscious of any very material change of opinions in half a century, except in the enlargement of knowledge, and in matters of progressive science no one should consider his opinions a finality; but a changeling who has no fixed opinions and vibrates between Christianity, infidelity, materialism, Spiritualism, theosophy, etc., does not command our respect, and certainly we should be firm in adhering not only to the fundamental truths of Spiritualism, but to the indisputable principles of honesty and fair dealing, a doctrine which needs sometimes to be preached among Spiritualists.

We cannot afford to tolerate any counterfeiting and consequent discrediting of those evidences upon which we rely as the vindication of our faith and the basis of the noblest truth. The spiritual garden at present needs the hoe and the pruning knife to remove its weeds and excrescences. We need in this country more of the spirit of scientific investigation, and it is gratifying to observe that in England there has been a more wise and providential care to maintain the scientific honor of our cause.

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Sufficient Unto the Day is the Evil Thereof.

Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by John H. Cummings.)

No man has a right to fear, if he believes in God or in himself, nor to think of the future except with hope. Our condition to-day cannot be understood until seen in the light of to-morrow. We lose sight of the vast beauty which is beyond our limited sphere, and we cannot see how our little block will fit in the grand temple which humanity is building, so we grow impatient and dissatisfied with life. Recently we tried to show you the bright side of things, and we pointed out the harmony of the physical world. There is a bright side to human nature also. How dare we in this light desecrate harmony outside in the lesser, and lose sight of it in man? The man of science, in the midst of this, cries out in awe and admiration. He alone is an infidel who does not see this beauty. If we turn our thoughts to human nature, we find that the physical is but the symbol of the spiritual. The physical is only the body, but human life is thought and feeling, the spirit and the essence.

When Robert Ingersoll was asked how this world could be bettered, he said: "I would make health catching." He might as well have said, I would have mountains without shadows. Health is already catching, the same as disease. That law which lets the mother transmit to her child disease and deformity, also communicates beauty and harmony. We cannot have one without the other. The angel of darkness and the angel of light ever walk side by side; but the bright side is, by far the larger part of life. Are good acts not more numerous than bad ones? Is love not more powerful and more prevalent than hate?

When the physical is out of tune, life seems hardly worth living, and you enter into a tirade against human nature. But count the criminals, and see what a small minority they are. Dwell on the bright side, and the brightness extends. Faith in yourself begets faith in your neighbor. There is more good thinking than bad, more good acts than bad ones, and more courage than cowardice. Doubt, except when it is a key to open the way to further light, is a weakness. Fear saps our courage, and leaves us helpless and distraught on life's battle-field. Existing religions are to be blamed for our fear, for we have been taught to run from the devil, instead of leaning on God. We have been told by our religious teachers that the devil goes up and down the world like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; that he has worsted God in the struggle for human souls; and that we are children of darkness, in whom there is nothing worthy of God's consideration, which if we get, comes by a special grace, for we cannot earn it. What a capital total depravity has been with the priests!

Human nature, stripped of the rays of error and superstition, is noble. There is no human being on earth but might reveal an angel in embryo, and not a savage but possesses a sleeping divinity within. Knock with faith and the door will open. If you are doing your best to better your condition, you have no right to distrust the outcome. To doubt the result of righteous action is to lose faith in God. Though you may stand alone, the moral side of the universe is with you. You are now merely laying the foundation, and you cannot see the progress of your work, but you should be satisfied for a master mind is directing all, and the majority of people are committed to goodness and truth.

If we questioned every department of nature, we would find that God is present there, and that those things we fear do not exist. The greatest danger is within ourselves, and is caused by ignorance and prejudice. Much of our knowledge we will unlearn in the future, for a great deal of it is high-sounding ignorance; and much of religion is false. We need to realize the beauty of life in its fragmentary forms; and we should regard our work with love, devoting ourselves to today's task as though angels were working with us. Thus shall we be filled with great content.

But many are out of place and in a fever to change. Discontent is God-like if it does not bring us discouragement. Hope has no room for failure. How much more would we accomplish if we did not yield to doubts and fears? We magnify the faults of our associates, but this is a revelation of our yearning for perfection, for we cannot bear to see our friends fall below what we consider the proper standard. If we would measure each other with more love, we would take on less courage and would feel greater safety in facing the future. No man can prophesy correctly unless his desire is for good. This being true, how foolish it is to dwell on imaginary ills. If we have suffered but little, that we will suffer more in the future is pretty certain. But if we have suffered much in the past, it is almost a guarantee that our future sufferings will be less.

So sure as we are here for wise and noble purposes, God needs us, and for no ignoble task. No one has a right to predicate on the past a dismal future. There is no form but what was once a monstrosity, and the human embryo is only a tadpole. Who could foretell its wonderful future? Victor Hugo, at birth, was an immense disappointment. He seemed to be scarcely worth preserving, and his parents said: "He is not what we prayed for." How little could they foresee that future, which was filled with loving labor for all humanity, and whose works will live so

long as hearts can burn for the oppressed! How different it would have been if his parents' desires had been fulfilled. What a loss to the world! Let us look on every tadpole as the promise of a winged seraph. When ignorance prays how well it is that it cannot answer its prayer, but that wisdom answers with what is good.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. If you are suffering pain, it is a warning to preserve you from danger. If you have slipped into sin, and feel the sting of remorse, it may be your future safety. You may never again be caught, because always on guard. When Demosthenes was driven from the rostrum by the jeers of his fellow-citizens he was driven to a grand future. His failure was a guarantee that his innate eloquence would yet gain control of men's minds. So it is everywhere. What matters if that yesterday was dark? We have no right to extract disheartening lessons from darkness. If there are found in life spots of solitude so awful as to lead to despair, God's method is to treat with great resolve and kindness. How often is it that he who is down is kept down by our hatred and loss of faith. We turn our back on him and the evil spreads. Instead of that, pour the balm of tenderness upon the wounds and every moral leper can be healed.

Look back at Christ's life and see what act has struck home and has left the deepest impress. Was it when he headed a multitude of devoted followers, when a shout of approval greeted his entry into Jerusalem, or was it when he raised Lazarus from the dead? No, oh! no, but it was at that moment when he prayed that the cup might pass from him. Patient, forbearing, full of prayer—that moment stands preeminent. Who understood the man of the agony of that hour? Not one. We have waited many centuries to receive the right interpretation. Though Jesus was called the only-begotten son of God, there have been many Christs since then.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. If now you are in the midst of evil let the star of hope shine and reveal the possibility of better times, for happiness is to be the heritage of all. There is always a probability of a better future, because the good is always within compass, and no one can go outside of its domain. What work love has performed! Would you have us believe that the number of good men is lessened? Nay! Or that courage has decreased? Nay! In order that the divinity within man may be developed, men must suffer. That good may be evolved, we must have its opposite; and that life may be made manifest, there must be death, which is but another name for life. Count on discovering buried treasure, upon making pleasant acquaintances, and on enjoying a large measure of sympathy. Let us tell each other of our happiness and of the good acts of others. There are many acts of saviors which have never been written, and there exist unknown heroes in countless numbers. Every day in many places may be met such self-sacrificing beings as Florence Nightingale. Great courage is shown by many in fighting the battle of life in the privacy of home. There are many opportunities for doing good without carrying a cross; and there are many crosses borne as beautiful as that to which the Master was nailed. Think of the arms of motherhood, which have been thrown around all humanity, and how, through the untold agony and the unselfish devotion of that sacred motherhood, we are here. In your own neighborhood you can find obscure heroes and heroines and thereby gain courage and a deeper respect for our humanity, as well as a larger hope for the time to be.

The Personality Versus the Omnipresence of Deity.

BY J. M. KENNEDY.

When we reflect that the prevailing philosophy of creation teaches that the universe is composed of innumerable suns and systems successively born in nature, and that creation still unfinished involves in the future an increased multiplication thereof, it is difficult to satisfy our reason whence the material atoms embraced therein are to be derived, unless we accept this theory of their origin, or conclude that suns and earths die as well as plants, animals and man; and I refer to the reason of my reader to determine which of these alternatives seems to be most probable.

Thus accounting for the existence of "the original atoms," I will now consider their character and relations to the self-existent sources of their being. According to the theory it is clear that the atom would be composed of two distinct substances, which we may term spirit and matter. It is equally clear that spirit being in essence and condition the projected will power or creative energy of Deity thus isolated as an entity, its capacities and character would be measured and determined by the devised method for governing its action in attaining the end for which it was projected into active being. If this is correct, we may infer that the aspirations prompting it, and the powers and intelligence manifested by it in accomplishing its assigned mission, were endowed rather than inherited, inasmuch as it would owe its origin and activity of being to the exerted will power of Deity, and not to the economy of reproduction, hence it originated as a life entity, being, while if it originated through the economy of reproduction, the inference is it would inherit immortality as an entity from the source of its being—Deity.

We are told there is an animal life and a divine life in man, the first finite and mortal, the last immortal and the child of Deity. If this is true, and I freely accept it is, we may regard the animal life as being individualized will power or creative energy of Deity, and therefore the same in essence as spirit embodied in the granite rock, or in an atom of imponderable matter, and thus see the sense, and only sense, in which we should regard the animal man as the child and ultimate of nature. How, when and where the divine, and the human or animal life, in man are united, is a problem I will not now seek to solve, though I feel it is worthy of most careful inquiry. Leaving for the present the question of the origin and character of "the original atoms," let us examine their relation to the source of their being. It is clear that if they thus originated they would when created exist intermediate between Deity and co-existing unchanged matter; hence we may assume they would constitute a connecting medium between the two co-existing sources of their being, and thus infer that their first unions were induced by the continued exertion of power to act on and govern the same. If this is correct, and we accept that the continued unions of atoms resulted in the organization of a sun and solar system, the conclusion will follow that the solar system was external to Deity, and was intermediate between Him and co-existing and external unchanged matter, and if

this is true, analogy will teach that all future organized suns and systems would be alike external and intermediate, and thus logically conclude that Deity literally dwells localized as the central sun of the universe or physical creation; and that the universe being an organized structure or unit composed of many parts, is bounded on all sides by unparticled matter in its unchanged self-existent condition. It is, I submit, also clear to any candid thinker that if the power of Deity is inexhaustible, as it is generally affirmed, and co-existent unparticled matter is unlimited in volume or co-extensive with endless space, as this theory claims, then the process of creating atoms as germs of organized suns and earths can be continued forever, and each sun and earth be exempt from death or dissolution; but he who accepts this conclusion must recognize that God exists localized, but is not omnipresent, and being the localized source of life, consciousness and power, we may and must regard Him as an organized entity—a spirit personality. Philadelphia, Pa.

INVESTIGATIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Will you allow me space for a word or two in reference to the subject of Spiritualism, suggested by a letter from "H." of Halifax, N. S.? My object in writing is more for the purpose of drawing attention to this subject than of commenting on the articles mentioned, except that both appear to me to be written in a more fair and impartial spirit than is usual in questions of this nature when dealt with by the secular press. As your Nova Scotia correspondent in his interesting and valuable letter says that his attention has only been drawn seriously to this important subject for the last few months, and does not give any detailed account of any seance, I will in the first place relate one out of many experiences of my own which may be interesting to your readers.

In making experiments from time to time I have done so with the desire of ascertaining in an impartial spirit whatever there might be of truth, error or fraud in the phenomena, not being, I believe, biased in any way. While in Washington, D. C., in 1881, I had an opportunity of observing some of the occurrences that usually take place in the presence of Dr. Henry Slade, of New York, the well-known slate writing and test medium. In company with two friends the seance took place in the sitting room of his apartments on 4th street. When seated at a small table with folding leaves, which we previously examined and found to be an ordinary one, Slade took an ordinary frame school slate, and laying a crumb of slate pencil on it requested us to ask any questions. Several queries were put and answered rapidly when the slate was held partially under the table, the hand holding it being visible to all, and his other on the table in full view. On requesting a message, two slates were taken by the medium, rubbed on both sides with a damp sponge, and handed to us for inspection. They appeared to have perfectly smooth surfaces, without scratch or blemish of any kind. A piece of slate pencil about the size of a grain of wheat was then laid on one slate, which was covered by the other. Slade held them together with one hand, by the corner, and rested the opposite edge of the pair on my shoulder. We then placed our hands in contact upon the table as we sat around it, and at once the sound of the pencil was heard and a varying pressure upon the slate was distinctly felt by me till the writing ceased. While the writing was in progress I raised the finger laid on my companion's hand, by way of experiment, and the writing instantly ceased, but was resumed on the finger being replaced. The words on the slate, which latter I have preserved, are written in a business like, legible hand, they are now before me, and the following is a copy:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Not until man is properly educated, not until the forged chain of slavish bigotry is cut asunder and the struggling ones arise from the dark valley and shadow of death to the glorious dawn of perfect liberty of body, mind and spirit, will a change be perceived in the present age and inner life. Let the present age be one of thought. This truth must and will demand the attention of thinking minds. Spiritualism will in time redeem the world of its selfishness and error. I am, E. B. W."

The name was that of a well-known and wealthy American, who had died in Detroit a few years previously. While the writing was in progress the mind of the medium did not appear to be concentrated upon what was taking place, as he made one or two remarks irrelevant to the subject. The slates were not out of my sight for an instant.

During this seance heavy objects were raised without apparent contact and moved from place to place. The semblance of a hand with moving fingers was momentarily shown, and two tunes were played upon an accordion, the instrument being in full view of all and held by the medium by one hand only. An inspection of the instrument showed nothing unusual inside or out. During the whole of the seance the room was well-lighted by a pair of gas jets, every object in it being plainly visible.

At a subsequent experiment with the same medium in a partially darkened room I had other convincing proofs of some invisible power, apart from this singular man. The moonlight shining into the windows revealed as plainly as possible in such a light an object which appeared like a human hand floating through the room, carrying a cane belonging to the medium, with which it would tap us occasionally. At times a number of invisible hands would be apparently laid upon me at once, the furniture was shaken and loud raps were heard on the walls. Dr. Slade and I were alone on this occasion, and he was not out of my sight at any time.

At the risk of being tedious I have described what are but ordinary exhibitions of independent slate-writing and other physical phenomena, taking place every day in the presence of many such mediums, with more minuteness than would be ordinarily desirable, so that the conditions under which they were held may be readily understood. Slate-writing appears to be less open to the charge of fraud than other occurrences of a spiritualistic nature. Communications are sometimes written in languages of which mediums and sitters are alike ignorant. The mesmeristic theory in accounting for trance or inspirational mediumship is that held by most Spiritualists, the mesmerizer or controller of the unconscious medium or inspirer of the conscious one being an ex carnated spirit, while the mesmerizers on our public platforms are but incarnated ones. Both Carpenter and Cadwell, American mesmerists, hold this view.

As to many of the objective phenomena, such as slate-writing, levitation of heavy bodies, materialization, etc., the suspicion of imposture can surely be allayed by precautions taken with no more stringency than one exercises in his every day life for his own protection.

The subjective phenomena are harder matters to deal with, but when they show intelligence and no possible connection with the minds of the sitters, and when they consist of communications on subjects known only to a person and his deceased friend—as I am told they frequently do—we can hardly call the Spiritualist a superstitious dreamer for believing in spirit communion.

I think there are many in Toronto who would like to see a Psychological Research Society formed here; some organized effort could then be made to find the true and erroneous parts of this important subject. Toronto, Canada. INVESTIGATOR.

The Angels Approve of Such Beneficent Work.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In order to inaugurate a heaven on earth, beneficent works are essential. The following from Light, London, Eng., should be read by every Spiritualist in the United States, and then institutions formed of a similar nature:

"A few charitable persons, rather more than a year ago, started a home for little cripples, with the object of curing them, when possible, by magnetic rubbing under spiritual guidance. A lady, Mrs. Duncan, who is endowed with unusual healing powers, herself one of the founders, performs in a true Christian spirit the necessary ministrations. We paid a visit to the Home (7 Somerset Terrace, Carlton Road, Maida Vale), on Friday, October 30th, and were conducted over it by Mrs. Duncan, and by Mrs. Marshall, the matron. A very interesting case was first shown us, that of a middle-aged woman, at the Home under exceptional circumstances. She had been a patient in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for a long period, suffering from a contraction of the muscles of the legs. Attempts had been made there to straighten them by the application of heavy weights, which, while to a certain extent successful, had unfortunately the ulterior effect of still further weakening them. This particular affection was no doubt but one of several disorders of which the patient was the victim, and she was finally regarded as a hopeless case. Singularly enough, thereupon the assistance of Mrs. Duncan was sought, who attended continuously in the wards, and gave her best efforts to improve the patient's condition. Much progress was made, in spite of some difficulties, when it was prematurely decided that the patient should be dismissed as incurable. The poor woman had no home to go to but the workhouse, and the committee decided that she ought not to be abandoned to conditions so depressing, but that she should be brought to the Home. From the time of her arrival a great improvement has manifested itself. The legs, which were before little but skin and bone, are now gathering flesh, and at the same time the knees becoming more flexible. The general health is better, and the utterance, previously difficult and hesitating, has now become almost normal. The kindness with which the patient is treated, and the best of nourishment which she receives, must have their due share in the merits of her gradual recovery. We had now an opportunity of observing the process of rubbing. Mrs. Duncan passes the tips of her fingers lightly down the affected member, and occasionally presses it softly with the entire palm of her hand. The patient immediately feels a warm tingling sensation, and in a brief time begins to move the limb more easily. One of us asked that he might himself experience the influence, and extending his hand was struck with the genial warmth which seemed to enter it. Mrs. Duncan's hand has always this genial warmth. He was much surprised, however, to learn that Mrs. Duncan herself felt a healing influence from his hand, and he had the unexpected felicity of curing her arm of a slight rheumatic affection by a few downward passes of his fingers.

"We next ascended the stairs, and as we did so were greeted from an upper chamber with a babble of infantine voices, and upon entering beheld a group of about nine children, boys and girls, some standing, leaning on their crutches, some sitting on low chairs, and some on the floor, all engaged in a kind of serious happy conversation. We were introduced to the little elders and, taking them upon our knees, learnt the troublesome histories which, while not eclipsing, had softened the merry vivacity of their childish faces with something of the patient serenity of age. Imperfect nourishment, resulting in rickety and otherwise diseased bones, seemed in most of them to be the cause of their misfortune. One was a little foundling, taken from a workhouse, with a weak hip-joint; another, a boy with the large head of rickets and with limbs which had been the despair of the surgeons, but now so improved as to startle the most orthodox; another, a little girl whose leg had been cut off close to the high joint; pieces of bone still keep working to the surface, but inflammation and collection of matter seem to be prevented by the magnetic stroking. It must be mentioned that if any serious symptoms manifest themselves medical assistance is always sought, nor is the aid of medicine, in the daily routine, altogether dispensed with. It is not sought to rival the Peculiar People by any fanatical exclusive adhesion to one idea. A fourth child was a little girl who owes her affection primarily to a fall. She has a curved spine and protruding chest. She is rubbed, but assistance is also sought from a close-fitting leather jacket. The bright, intelligent child, however, evidently preferred the first to the second method of treatment. The description of these few cases will be sufficient to enable our readers to understand the beneficent work that is being done." St. Louis, Mo. A. G. L.

Some months ago John Quick of Rupert, Pa., took Kowzeh, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy, from the school at Carlisle under indentures. The lad didn't take kindly to farm work and civilization, and was so homesick, and pined so for Western life that Mr. Quick decided to take him back to Carlisle. Kowzeh didn't want to go back to the school, but the farmer insisted, and the two went to the depot. When the train rolled in the boy plunged from the platform to the rails, and was crushed to death by the locomotive.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has been published in Canton in Chinese characters, and illustrated by Chinese artists. All the characters are Chinese. The scene is laid in China, and Apollon is as fine a specimen of a Chinese dragon as one could wish to see. Eighteen million pounds of licorice root were imported by this country last month.

Horford's Acid Phosphate, A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC. Dr. C. C. OLMSTEAD, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 15, 1886.

The Chicago Bomb.

We Americans are a freedom-loving, easy-going people, and don't easily get scared. Last January a Chicago daily paper produced the cut of a bomb in its columns and described how a certain set of men here were preparing to use it against the authorities some day. It seemed like a sensational newspaper story at the time. Our Mayor sneeringly said: "The Socialists are blatherskites. They are not going to organize to blow up anything or shoot anybody." Our Chief of Police said: "Nobody but cranks would think of attempting anything here with bombs and explosives." But Wednesday morning, the 5th inst., the community woke up to learn that just such cranks were here. The night before one of them hurled a bomb into a platoon of police with murderous effect. One man was immediately killed, forty-six were wounded and several of this number have since died at the County Hospital. There had been an excited meeting of Anarchists, inflammatory speeches had been made by Spies, Fielden and Parsons, and at half-past ten the police deemed it time to disperse the crowd, and on giving the order were greeted with the deadly bomb. A crime of such atrocity was never perpetrated in our country before. The community is thoroughly aroused. The villain who threw the bomb has not at this writing been discovered. Parsons, too, has escaped, but Spies, Fielden and an associate, Schwab, are in the County Jail, and will without doubt be indicted by the Grand Jury for murder, and, perhaps, also for treason. The execution of justice will, no doubt, be speedy; it would not be surprising if the bodies of these instigators of murder soon hang in the air.

There could not well be a more calamitous thing for the working classes than such fiendish violence on the part of their professed friends. The public mind cannot help being confused. The honest workmen of America owe it to themselves to stigmatize in the most unmistakable manner this wantonness. To their honor, be it said, they are doing so. Powderly, Grand Master of the Knights of Labor, has declared that if any Knights took part in the murderous proceedings of Tuesday night, they should be promptly expelled from the order. Thomas A. Armstrong of the Pittsburg *Labor Tribune*, remarked upon the significant fact that the first sentence in one of the Tuesday night speeches was an advice to the men to leave the labor unions. "The rioters knew, he continued, that such work would soon be set down upon by organized labor; labor unions teach men to respect the law." It must have been an affecting sight last Wednesday, on the occasion of a visit by Inspector Bonfield to a meeting of striking freight-handlers, when their spokesman made an appeal to the men to lift their right hands and swear that they had no sympathy with the Socialists who committed the crime of the night before, and would do their level best to keep the peace from being broken, and every man raised his hand and emphasized his answer with a lusty "I will."

The fact is the mass of working people in the country have no more sympathy with such proceedings as Tuesday night's than the community generally. Spies, Parsons and their followers make a great deal of noise, but they are insignificant numerically. There probably are not more than a few hundred of them in Chicago. But in a time of agitation and excitement like the present they may succeed in gathering quite a crowd upon the street. Several of those shot by the police on Tuesday have testified that they were only looking on. The instigators of the riot were not representative workmen, they did not belong to the Knights of Labor, they were

not even Socialists. The genuine Socialists of Chicago recently organized themselves and a part of their proclamation reads, "We declare that as long as we are free to speak and write, to organize and vote, we will not countenance other than peaceful agitation of our ideas." They declared that Socialism was not Communism and was emphatically opposed to Anarchism, and earnestly protested against the indiscriminate use of these names as interchangeable terms, by the press or by public speakers and writers. Spies, Parsons and Fielden do not want to reform the government, they want to abolish it,—they are Anarchists, in the literal meaning of the word, and should so be spoken of. Socialism is the exaltation of the State; it believes that all great enterprises should be managed by the State, that railroads and telegraphs should become public property. Anarchism means the destruction of the State; it believes there should be no property at all.

It is a serious question whether Anarchists should be allowed the free ventilation of their ideas. The line, of course, might and perhaps should be drawn between the propagation of their theory and direct incitement to acts of violence. But such incitement, whether on hand-bills or on a newspaper page or in the mouth of a mob-orator, ought to be sternly forbidden and punished. Spies is reported to have told the McCormick strikers the day before that the only way to gain their point was to murder their oppressors and destroy their property, pointing at the same time to McCormick's factory. He should have been arrested and put in jail then; and was as indictable as for anything he seems to have said Tuesday night. Let a man air the most absurd and revolutionary ideas possible, but the moment he lifts a hand against property or public order, or utters one word urging others to do so, he ought to be locked up, and to remain so till he changes his mind. There ought not to be a moment's parleying with offenders of the sort. The right of free speech does not mean the right to advise pillage and murder. Most's paper, *Die Freiheit*, comes out a day or two after the riot with "Hurrah for Chicago," "Long live the war," and concludes an editorial article with: "Agitation! Organization! Rebellion! Workingmen, arm! arm!" The paper should not only be suppressed, but the man should be put in prison forthwith, and tried for murder along with Spies and Fielden.

But though we believe in the most energetic dealing with public offenders, we would not ignore the question as to the causes of the vengeful spirit which they show. Men are not ordinarily angry for nothing. If there were no wrongs in the world such outbreaks as we have recently had in Chicago would not be possible. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, commenting on the riot, says that Europe, having adopted a system of exporting paupers to the United States, is primarily responsible for the troubles. We believe that there is a good deal of truth in this. But it does not touch the bottom of the matter. One of the working girls of Chicago, out last week on a strike, came nearer doing this, in our opinion, when she said with flushed face: "We have worked long enough to make others rich; we must work hard all the time barely to exist." It is an ill-defined sense of this that lays the basis for all the labor-troubles of to-day, we believe. Many working men smart under a sense of wrong, when they see their employers getting rich off their labor, while they themselves get barely enough to keep body and soul together—many more than the handful who think any good would come from assaulting the police and abolishing government. If we want to do away with rioting and social disturbance generally, the quickest way is to see that justice is done in the community. The very Pittsburg labor paper that says, "the anarchists should be put down with an iron hand," refers to McCormick having given a few years ago \$400,000 in charity and shortly afterwards paying some of his men \$1.00 a week, and adds, "In looking at these troubles people should see the cause."

There is no doubt that enormous wealth is being made in the great cities of this country, and yet those who are indispensable factors in its production often get the merest pittance. It seems to be becoming almost a branch of political economy to figure the lowest workingman can live on and yet be able to work. Mr. Edward Atkinson has lately been engaged in this contemptible business and figures that a man can live on \$172 per annum, \$50 for rent, \$45 for clothing, \$15 for washing, \$10 for heating, \$52 for food. These are the things that exasperate workmen and incline the more hardy and adventurous of them to plot wholesale vengeance against capitalists, and against the police who protect their property. Let us put down violence, but let us also, if we can, banish the slightest shadow of an excuse for violence. If men believed they were brothers and cared for another's interests as well as their own, the use for dynamite would soon be gone.

The Eight-Hour Movement.

It is impossible for any generous-minded man not to sympathize with the efforts of the working-classes to reduce their hours of labor. On the first of May, as our readers know, there was a general demand on the part of the wage-workers in the vicinity of Chicago for a day of eight instead of ten hours. In other large cities a similar demand was made, though apparently nowhere so energetically as here. The movement has been in the main conducted peaceably. A number of employers acceded to the demand and thus gave no occasion for a strike; and where the workmen have struck, there

has only occasionally been any violence. The eight-hour movement has absolutely nothing in common with the dynamite riot. It is a perfectly legitimate demand which these workmen make, namely, that some of the benefits of our progressive civilization should go to them as well as to their employers and the general public, that at least more leisure be given them, which they may employ with their families or use for cultivating their minds. We know there is danger that a bad use will be made of the extra time in some cases, but statistics show that intemperance thrives most among those whose hours are longest and who are paid the least. If we stop to think, this is only natural, since it is physical exhaustion that leads to the excessive use of stimulants, and it is the misery that attends poverty that drives men to seek forgetfulness of it in the intoxicating dram. Some years ago the Massachusetts Labor Bureau sent out inquiries to the workmen of the State as to what the moral effect would be of fixing a day's labor at ten hours instead of eleven and twelve hours, as was then often the case in the factories; and out of 507 answers, 464 were to the effect that a good use would be made of the extra leisure, one man significantly saying that if he didn't have any extra gain "in his pockets, he would have it in his bones."

The only serious objection to the eight-hour movement is that owing to the increased cost of production there would be a general increase of prices, and this would be to the disadvantage of the workingman as well as the community generally. A temporary effect of this sort might follow, but any one who is acquainted with the trend of industrial history in the last fifty years will question whether the seeming injury will last. English statistics show that though wages have risen on the average fifty per cent. in the last half-century (and a reduction of hours, wages remaining the same, is of course, equivalent to a corresponding rise in wages, as far as the cost of production is concerned), and yet prices have generally remained stationary or even fallen. The only exceptions are meat and house-rent. All that the workingman wears and all that he eats, save meat, he gets for the same or cheaper than he used to, and his wages are much higher. English workmen have reduced their hours of labor, too, some twenty per cent.

In our own country, too, a late number of *Bradstreet's* trade journal shows that prices have been decreasing, while wages were increasing. Workingmen earn twenty-five per cent. more than in 1865, and yet the prices of the principal commodities are fifty-nine per cent. less than at that date. It is evident that something else besides wages determine prices,—and we need not go far to find out what. Machinery cheapens production. It is estimated that the 160,000 persons employed in spinning and weaving in the United States, can produce as much as 16,000,000 would have been required to produce, using the spinning-wheel and hand-loom of olden times. A factory employe might have his hours shortened and be paid two or three times over what he used to be paid, and yet turn out ten times as much with the aid of a machine as he could have years ago without it. The use of machinery lowers prices. Secondly, prices are determined by what the employer demands as profits. And competition between employers tends to lower their profits, so that it is a recognized tenet of political economy that the tendency of profits is towards a minimum.

Now, no one can doubt that there are to be still further improvements in machinery; and no one imagines that profits have reached in this country anything like the minimum which employers will be willing to take rather than go out of business. With full consciousness of the economical bearing of the subject, we yet cannot see why our working-class should not see on shortening their hours, and even increasing their wages, without any harm to the community. The success of the eight-hour movement will probably stimulate anew the invention of machinery, and already a large number of employers in Chicago have reduced the hours of their workmen and not reduced their pay. The reduction of the hours of labor is of course only an opportunity for the working-class; and no small measure of responsibility will rest upon them that they use the extra leisure for the best and highest ends.

The Mob's Mayor.

That the fatal bomb which sent death to brave men and disgraced this city last week, was as much the property of Carter Harrison as of the Anarchists who conspired in its explosion, is quite generally believed. In other words, that the political charlatan, the brass-plated demagogue who fills the office of Mayor of Chicago against the wishes of a majority of its citizens, is morally responsible for the slaughter. If it were necessary, in order to arouse the public to a realizing sense of the situation, that European murderers should employ death-dealing dynamite to do the work, then it were better that the bomb should have excavated the vitals of the Mayor, rather than to have killed policemen. True, sympathy with the departed would not have been so universal in the one case as in the other, but the effect on the future course of events might have been equally as good; and certainly it would have relieved the city of a chronic nuisance. Harrison the private citizen, is said to be a decent man and a good neighbor; but Harrison the politician, is a rank demagogue, the co-worker in political schemes with vile creatures whom a republican government graciously permits to ballot, while denying the privilege to millions of educated, virtuous women. That the Mayor

is regarded by the vagabonds of this city as their friend, and that he holds his position by their aid is a notorious fact.

The explosion of the bomb on Randolph Street and the bursting of Harrison's political prospects were synchronous. The blood of the police and innocent lookers-on washed away Harrison's political underpinning; and it behoves the decent people of Chicago to see to it that he does not regain his footing. Let him be carefully preserved in some museum as a typical specimen of the worst class of American politicians, a class likely to become extinct when American citizens rise up in their might and assume and retain the reins of government.

"An Appeal to Men of Wealth."

The above is the heading of a thoughtful article in the *National Review*, an English periodical, by Lord Brabazon. Such views and convictions of duty do not often come from the privileged and titled class to which this accomplished and conscientious nobleman belongs. They are significant of the growing spirit of humanity which inspires our best literature, and reaches all classes. This gentleman only puts in his fine phrases the spirit of the peasant poet, Robert Burns, who sang:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's a man for a' that."

That one man owes duties to another, and that the man of wealth should use a fair share of that wealth for the common good is the high lesson he has learned and would teach those who need to learn it. It is a lesson especially needed to-day. We quote from his words:

Such an appeal may perhaps draw forth the remark that men of wealth in England are notoriously generous, and that men of high social position are never wanting to take the lead in works of genuine charity. These remarks are true in one sense, but untrue in another. It is true that large sums of money are always forthcoming on the occasion of any special emergency of the British public, and that the voluntary subscriptions annually contributed to works of charity in this country are larger than in any other. It is also true that there is hardly any institution in the kingdom which cannot show its list of aristocratic and often royal supporters. But it would not be in accordance with fact to assert that men of wealth and of social position take as active an interest in works of philanthropy and of charity as they do, for instance, in the pursuit of politics, or of mere luxury or amusement, or that they spend on the former as large a proportion of their income as they do on the latter. Why appeal to wealthy men? What have they to say to us? Why not rather, in these democratic days, descend into the streets, and address your appeal to the masses, with whom now rests the fate of ministries? That is just what I want you rich men to do! I do not so much care that you should increase your subscriptions to charitable objects (though this might often be done with advantage) as that you should use the great influence you possess in the cause of the happiness of the greatest number. I want you to give to the streets, and address your appeal to the masses, that he is not forgotten by you; that you are alive to his sorrows, that you sympathize with him in his troubles, that you respect him for his honest struggles against penury and want, that you admire him for his patience, that you willingly acknowledge that moral worth is superior to all social distinction, that you recognize wealth as a talent which has been given you from above, and that your greatest pleasure in life is to use it for the good of your less favored brethren. If wealth descended offunder into the street, there would be less animosity between capital and labor. Sympathy would soon produce love, self-sacrifice, reverence. Let the rich man take for his motto, "Not ams, but a friend," a friend who should give you his wealth and his education, not to despise, but to elevate and encourage, to dispense prejudice, to soften hatreds, and to bridge the yawning chasms of society; for is it not true that separation begets ignorance, and ignorance hatred? Let the poor man and the rich, the working man and the man of leisure, join hands in works of general utility and philanthropy.

Although especially written for England, all this is equally applicable to our own land. Practical reforms, helping men to help themselves, paying able men for needed work for the common good, helping a higher education as to man's capacity and duty and destiny, and his infinite relations as a spiritual being and an heir of a progressive immortality,—in all these and in other ways, our men of wealth, and our well-to-do middle class, could quadruple their help and yet not be unjust to themselves or their kindred.

The Spiritualists of this country, two millions more or less, are not paupers. They are largely of the good living middle class and count a goodly company of rich men in their ranks. They are fraternal and kindly in spirit to a degree worthy of commendation, but thoughtless, or what the canny Scotchmen call "near," as to financial help. Let them multiply by four their ready and gladly given aid to our literature, our able speakers, our high-souled mediums, and the harvest would be early and abundant and more precious than fine gold. "Now is the accepted time" to begin.

Progress.

The Syracuse, N. Y., *Journal*, asserts that the *Jewish Reformer*, in a late issue, did a thing probably without parallel among religious journals. It published in full a Christian sermon delivered in a Christian pulpit, and this, not for the purpose of criticism and censure, but for commendation and praise. The preacher was the Rev. Wilbur E. Crafts, of the First Union Presbyterian church, New York, and the sermon was delivered in his own pulpit. The text was from Esther, the fourth chapter and the last clause of the fourteenth verse. The subject was the agreement of the Jewish and Christian faith. A considerable number of Jews heard the sermon delivered, and a still larger number will now have an opportunity of reading it. The manuscript of the sermon, which was sympathetic in tone and friendly to the Jews, was sent by the preacher to the editor of the *Reformer*. The latter says: "Sermons of this sort can only foster harmony and good will among the adherents of various sects, for over the differences of dogma the hands and hearts must reach forth toward forming that great brotherhood of man for which Jews and Gentiles crave as children of one and the same Father, the God of Truth and Love."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. J. H. Randall has removed to No. 78 Seeley avenue.

Geo. H. Brooks has gone west. His address, until further notice, will be 1139 New Jersey street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Friends of the JOURNAL are reminded that it needs every dollar due, and that these dollars aggregate several thousand.

Judge Joseph J. Coombs, Washington City, D. C., a most estimable man and a Spiritualist, passed to spirit-life on April 29th.

Every friend of the JOURNAL can show his or her interest in no other way so effectively as by obtaining one or more new yearly subscribers.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore, President, Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting, says under date of May 7th: "Every thing looks very encouraging for our Cassadaga Camp the coming season. A number of cottages are occupied this early."

S. Bigelow of Sanford, Fla., wants a copy of T. S. Harris's "Divine Republic." He thinks that is the title. Any one who has a copy to spare should write to Mr. Bigelow, stating condition and price.

Dr. Wm. H. Mather of Suffield, Conn., has been convicted of libelling a dead man, and fined twenty-eight dollars and costs. He wrote letters to Mrs. Ephraim West reflecting on the character of her dead husband.

The JOURNAL is a non-partizan, independent paper. It is devoted to the highest interests of the race, both here and hereafter. Give it all the support within your means and influence.

George B. Higley of Simsbury, Conn., recently lost his pocketbook and looked in vain for it. That night he dreamed that he had found his book, and his spectacles, which as yet he had not missed, under a tree that he had set out the day before. In the morning he dug up the tree and he found the missing property.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, during the last few months, has been engaged in her mediumistic labors at New Orleans, Memphis and Indianapolis. She will remain in this city a short time. She will answer calls to give tests and psychometric readings from the platform anywhere in the East. Those desiring her services, can address Mrs. E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

The JOURNAL has no greater respect for the rights of the poor man than for those of the rich. Both are equally entitled to justice. Unfortunately, it happens that in conflicts between capital and labor, the selfish, unreasonable dominating elements on both sides usually mold and shape the issue. No real progress will be made until both sides are interested in securing justice for all concerned.

A despatch from Urbana, O., says that Joseph V. Longfellow and Rena Norman have just learned through the records of the Judge's office, that they were married in September, 1884. Longfellow has applied for a divorce, alleging that the application for a license to marry, the issue and the return of the same, were fraudulently procured without their knowledge or consent, by one James Randall, then pastor of the Myrtle Creek Baptist church, with intent to procure money from plaintiff.

"He hugged the girls." A despatch from Bedford, Ohio, to the *Daily News*, says that the Rev. Mr. Wight, the young pastor of the "Disciples" church, is being tried by a church committee for improper conduct with the young lady members of his congregation. Judge Ennis, member of the investigation committee, said "Wight acknowledged that while conversing with a married woman upon one occasion he placed his arm around her waist and hugged her slightly. The charge that he placed both arms around the waists of girls and lifted them bodily up the church steps, was not denied by him. He said that he had hugged the girls, but with no intention to shock their modesty. Many instances were cited where the minister kissed the girls and hugged them." Some of the aggrieved young ladies tell remarkable stories about Wight's actions toward them. This sort of testimony was taken before a committee of mature married women belonging to the church.

Considerable interest attaches to the results attained by various American and foreign scientists in their attempts to ascertain, by careful and prolonged observations, the daily increase of the earth's mass from the falling upon it of meteors and cosmic dust. Briefly, these observations indicate that about four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall upon the surface of the earth every hour, the average weight of these bodies being about five grains each, the total representing nearly five thousand pounds per hour, or a fraction short of sixty tons every twenty-four hours. It is remarked that such an amount of material falling thus daily is certainly no small increase to the earth's mass, and for this increase the earth's attraction is considered responsible to the extent of twenty per cent.; the balance of eighty per cent., it is alleged, would be increased each hour by a globe the size of the earth, even if it had no attraction.

The Newman, Ga., *Herald*, says that in the year 1861, when the troops were volunteering for the war, a married man living in Carroll county, having a wife and five children, enlisted in the army as a private soldier. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, near Lookout mountain, in Tennessee, he received a box of supplies and a suit of clothes, which his wife had sent him. He put on the suit, but remarked to his comrades that it was the last suit he would ever put on, as he would be killed to-morrow. His companions, who heard

this strange prediction, told him if he felt so he should not go into the fight, but remain back. This he refused to do, stating that an officer should lead his man whenever duty called them. Next morning, at the head of his company, he entered the fight, and about noon a bullet from the enemy hit him in the heart, killing him almost instantly. In his last moments, while a fellow comrade held his head in his lap, he cried aloud, "My poor wife and five little children—what will become of them?" and expired. On that day about noon his wife was startled by the cry of, "My poor wife and five little children." The voice seemed so familiar to her and so certain was she that it was her husband, that she rushed to the door to meet him. Failing to meet him, she went around the house and looked for him, and then went to one of her neighbors to inquire if they had seen her husband. Just five days after this she received a letter from the soldier, who was with her husband in his dying moments, relating to her the last words that he had uttered, which, as she now claims, were the very words she heard.

Force may subdue, but love gains; and he who forgives first, wins the laurel.

Sunday, May 9th, C. Fannie Allyn lectured at Odd Fellows Hall, Lynn, Mass., morning and evening.

J. Madison Allen lectured in Vineland, N. J., on the Anniversary, and during the month of April, and is re-engaged for a portion of May. His public services are said to be an interesting feature of his work. Societies desiring to engage his services for the summer may address him at Vineland, N. J., P. O. box 212.

George D. Search, the physical and slate-writing medium, of Wichita, Kansas, has just concluded a series of twenty-six sances in Lawrence, Kansas. The manifestations were of various kinds, the visible production of hands, six to eight feet from the medium; the floating, and playing, of various musical instruments, writing of messages on slates, etc.

According to the calculations made by a scientific writer lately, it requires a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, the estimate being that it would really take a million years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick. The United States has an area of between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of coal fields, 100,000,000 tons of coal being mined from these fields in one year, or enough to run a ring around the earth at the equator five and one-half feet wide and five and one-half thick; the quantity being sufficient to supply the whole world for a period of 1,500 to 2,000 years.

It is related that in a recent conversation with Edwin Booth, E. F. Thorne, the actor, called his friend's attention to the fact that, though America had been discovered years before Shakespeare's time, the great author has not alluded to the New World anywhere in his plays. Mr. Booth said he never had thought of the omission before.

Do Our Departed Friends Recognize Us?

BY ADAM MILLER, M. D.

The mind almost instinctively delights in calling up the scenes of the past. Memory opens her storehouse to the aged, and takes them by the hand and leads them back over the green fields and through the pleasant groves where their youthful feet roamed, and repeats, in whispering to the inner consciousness, the beautiful lessons of love and filial affection that dropped from the lips of parents or friends in other days.

If we do not lose our memories when we depart from this life—and reason and revelation teach that we do not—then we not only retain a knowledge of the past, but we will continue to take a deep interest in what is going on among our friends in earth life, and if angels and the spirits of our departed friends are one and the same class of beings, then we may expect that our friends will come to us and accompany us amid the joys and sorrows that surround us, and, as ministering spirits, they may have an influence over us for good in some way we now, perhaps, cannot understand nor appreciate.

On this subject, I will refer the reader to an able sermon on the Ministry of Angels, by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., published in an appendix to "Life in Other Worlds." I need not repeat what he has said in language better than I could, in presenting this subject. Some of the ablest and most eloquent preachers of our day believe that angels and the spirits of our departed friends are one and the same class of beings. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, during his ministry in Chicago, preached a very able sermon on the cloud of witnesses that surround the Christian in "running the race set before him." He maintained that angels were "the elder brethren of those who join them from this life, and while there might be different degrees in knowledge and power, there was harmony in their actions, all working together in one great harvest-field of love and kindness to our race."

Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittredge, in a sermon preached on the same subject, in this city, is reported, in one of our daily papers, to have said: "He believed that the dear ones that had gone before were ever around the loved ones of earth, like a great cloud of witnesses, and, though they are not seen, they doubtless see and keep continual watch over us. They are ministering spirits, separated only by a narrow stream; and when we come to the river's edge we shall see them like a great vision of glory. In faith, we see them now. Why, heaven is so close, that when he, as a pastor, stood by the death-beds of others, when the silent shadows were stealing over them and shutting out the things of earth, they had said, rapturously, that they saw waiting angels."

The following is from a work written by the late Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and may be considered as good authority on this subject:

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—but they answer not again—
Do they love, do they love us yet?
We call them far, through the silent night;
But they speak not from some low hill;
We know, we know that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?"

"We have here an inquiry of touching interest, and one that requires to be treated with great delicacy. We have already shown that the righteous dead are with Christ. To wish that they were constantly with or around us would be as selfish as it is unkind. We delight in the society of those nearly allied to us on earth—our children—and yet we send them forth from us because we know the great ends of our common being require it. Heaven we know is the home of the angels of God; but we also know that they go forth—may, even come down to earth as ministering spirits. By this means there is a strange, mysterious intercourse between the ministering angels and living men. They are not always away from heaven, nor would we wish them to be. We would almost fear that something earthly and gross might be contracted by them, and that even their own joy might be marred by their too constant intercourse with sinful and sorrowing beings. We would have them return often to heaven, to bathe in its celestial light, to catch anew its holy joy, and thus to come back to us again, to labor with more ardent zeal for our salvation. So should we feel in relation to the dead in Christ—our own beloved dead!

"Among those myriads of angelic messengers is it not possible that there should sometimes be found one who was once an inhabitant of earth? Is it not possible that our departed kindred—our parents, our companions, our dear children that passed from us in the bloom of life, a loved brother or sister—may revisit earth, and come to minister to us in that which is holy and good—to breathe around us influences that will draw us heavenward? If it be possible to revisit earth, this, no doubt, is the glorious mission on which they would desire to come.

"Is such return to earth possible? One, at least, we may claim on Bible authority, has revisited earth, if the spirit of Samuel appeared to Saul after the incantations of the sorceress of Endor. 'Had it been satisfactorily known,' says Bishop Burgess, 'through any other channel than divine revelation, that Saul saw Samuel on the eve of his own fall, and heard his words, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," it would still have been a fact in the history of mankind, and would have proved, as truly as now, the possibility of such apparitions. That there was a real appearance of Samuel is the plainest interpretation of the language, was the belief of the ancient Jews, and has been supposed by the best divines. He came, not through any power of the sorceress, it would seem, but to her utter amazement. Once, therefore, a departed spirit has revisited the earth, and has been seen and heard; and it is worthy of remark that he took the form and aspect in which he might be the best recognized.' But whatever question or room for doubt there may be in relation to this appearance of Samuel, there can be none in relation to the return of Moses and Elias, many centuries after their removal to the world of spirits. They were seen and heard by Peter, James and John upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

"Dr. Adam Clarke expresses it as his opinion that spirits from the invisible world, including also human spirits which have gone there, may have intercourse with this world, and even become visible to mortals. They are not brought back into mortal life, but only brought within the sphere of visibility. All along through the Bible, the thing, at least by implication, is again and again recognized. As when Peter, miraculously delivered from prison, appeared at the gate, the frightened disciples exclaimed, 'It is his angel!' or when the Savior appeared walking upon the water, 'they supposed it had been a spirit.'

"We might also cite the universal belief of all ages in not only the possible, but the actual occasional return of the departed from the Spirit-world to revisit the earth.

"Who shall say that there is not, then, a real presence of the dead with the living? Neander speaks of a custom among the early Christians of cherishing the memory of departed friends by celebrating the anniversary of their death in a manner suited to the Christian faith and hope. 'It was usual on this day,' says he, 'to partake of the communion under a sense of the inseparable fellowship of those who had died in the Lord. A gift was laid on the altar in their name, as if they were still living members of the family.' So also, he says, 'the whole church would celebrate the anniversary of those who had died as witnesses of the Lord—the holy martyrs; and the communion was celebrated in the consciousness of the continued fellowship with them.'

"This is a sublime, beautiful ideal! How simple, and yet how deep and earnest, the faith of the early and holy people of God! 'The communion of the saints,' says Dr. Nevin, 'regards not merely Christians on earth, but also the sainted dead; according to the true words of the hymn, "The saints on earth and all the dead but one communion make." There is a pernicious view in the religious world at the present time by which the dead are taken to be so dissociated from the living as to have no part further in the onward movement of Christ's kingdom.' It was the impression of Mr. Wesley concerning Emanuel Swedenborg, whom he knew personally, that the strong impression on his mind of the presence of deceased friends, at particular moments, was produced by their actual but invisible presence. Oberlin, also, for many years, claimed to enjoy intimate communion with the dead. And thousands of Christians have had, at times, as clear and overpowering a consciousness of the spiritual presence of departed friends as of their own self-being. And what is peculiarly to be observed is that this communion has been realized only by those most spiritual in their nature, and peculiarly allied by the power of a living faith to Christ.

"There is one other fact bearing upon this subject which we cannot now forbear. It is the affecting recognition of the presence of the dead in Christ, which is sometimes realized by the dying saint. Parents have recognized departed children as present to welcome them, just at the moment of their own departure; so have children recognized the presence of a sainted father or mother; also, brothers and sisters have thus seemed to meet each other on the dividing line between this world and the next."

Dr. Adam Clarke sums up his belief in the invisible world as follows. He says:

"1. I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness.
"2. I believe there is an invisible world in which various orders—spirits, not human—live and act.
"3. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

It is, however, proper to state here that Dr. Clarke speaks in strong terms against incantations and conjurers, just as any right-minded man would speak against the pretensions among modern Spiritualists, claiming at

pleasure to calling up departed friends, and getting communications from them. Some of the most intelligent among the Spiritualists themselves denounce these traveling, professional mediums as dishonest tricksters and frauds, unworthy of the confidence of any community where they carry on their deceptions for the sake of gain. We must, however, guard against opposite extremes. While we denounce the deceptions of modern Spiritualists, we must not lose sight of the great truth taught in the Bible and believed by Christians and ministers of the gospel in all ages of the Christian world, that there is a great spiritual world all around us, and only invisible to us because our material organs of vision are not adapted to such existences. There are many instances recorded in the scriptures where the eyes of individuals were opened to see the spirits around them. There is an interesting instance of this kind recorded in II Kings, vi. 17. When the king of Syria made war against Israel, and came by night and encompassed the city of the Israelites, and when the servant of the prophet Elisha saw their perilous situation, he said: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" "And Elisha prayed, and said: 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'

Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned Methodist commentator, says on this verse: "Where is heaven? Is it not above, beneath, around us? And were our eyes opened as were those of the prophet's servant we should see the heavenly host in all directions. The horses and chariots of fire were there before the eyes of Elisha's servant were opened."

The Scripture account is so full and explicit in reference to the intercourse of angels and our departed spirit friends, and our recognition of them in our spiritual home, that we need not multiply argument on this subject. We may assume it as an established fact, so clearly revealed in the Bible, that to deny the intercourse of angels and the spirits of the departed with those now living on the earth would be to reject the plain teachings of the Scriptures. 'That they will appear to us in bodily form, so as to be recognized by us, we infer from the appearance of Samuel to Saul, and Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. They had not then their resurrection bodies, for no one had risen from the grave before Christ arose and became the first fruits of them that slept. If those who reappeared on earth assumed such forms as to be recognized by men living in the body, may we not infer that this is a general law of our spiritual existence, and that in heaven we will readily recognize our loved ones with whom we lived on earth? Infants may have advanced to higher condition. The aged and infirm may wear the bloom of youth. Yet, by our superior knowledge in that bright world, we will know the dear ones who are waiting for us on the other shore.

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Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.
Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets, during the month of May, at Judge Bailey's parlors, 451 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. J. J. Moore will lecture each Sunday evening at 7:45. All interested in the Society and its work cordially invited. John Jeffrey, President; W. J. Cunningham, Secretary; A. G. Klipp, Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds weekly conferences on Sunday evenings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Ave. and South Second St. Alpha Lyceum meets in same place Sunday afternoons.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.
The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City convenes every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., at Miller's Arcadium Hall, 54 Union Square.
FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, Mrs. T. B. Snyder, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Payne, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall, W. B. Mills, President. E. J. Hulung, Secretary.

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The Society of United Spiritualists, Chicago, meets each Tuesday at 8 P. M. at the Madison Street Theatre, three-cent seats will consist of a lecture, test, short address, and singing.
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Churches will soon be treated with list of spiritualists and all information in regard to arrangements to be made for the convenience and accommodation of the public.
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The book is illustrated showing the different stages of each disease, which is of great value as positively deciding the nature of the disease. One of the many receipts in this book is worth the price asked for it.
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THE FAMOUS QUAKER REMEDY.
Assume the table preparation. A positive cure for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and kindred diseases.
The long suffering public have been shamelessly imposed upon by advertisements of worthless, trashy medicines, that we are loath to use in any form of catarrh. The virtues of Aunt Mary's Catarrh Cure, but so positive are the results following its administration, that we stand ready to

GUARANTEE A CURE.
If used according to directions, or return money in case of failure.
All sufferers from these terrible diseases may find relief, without a chance of relapse, by the use of this simple remedy. Its effects seem truly marvelous, healing as it by magic. We have testimony from many well-known citizens of Chicago, who have been entirely cured in a few weeks by its use. These testimonials and Aunt Mary's Story, will be sent to all who write, and those who send in the names and addresses of six people who have Catarrh, Bronchitis or Hay Fever, will receive free a beautiful stretch book of the "Chicago Exposition."

Our method of treating Catarrh is entirely new. This remedy is applied to the diseased mucous membrane in the form of a spray, and no drugs are taken into the system.
Price of full treatment, including atomizer and sufficient of the remedy to effect a cure, sent on receipt of \$2.00, or Aunt Mary will treat patients in our office. Remedy for sale by Druggists.
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Image of a woman and a child.

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Image of a man.

Image of a woman.

Image of a man.

The Two Gates.

BY S. S. CONANT IN HARPER'S MONTHLY.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Oh, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto;
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair.

The Mound Builders.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What a prolific theme is the above. What a field
for explanation by some wise spirit. I wish one
of those ancient mound-builders would return and

A Horrified Cat.

A correspondent writes to Nature: "Last week,
in connection with a study of Carnivora, I obtained
a cat from an acquaintance at a distance, and

Professional Etiquette

prevents some doctors from advertising their skill
but we are bound by no such conventional rules
and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit

Her complexion is like her name. Why? She
uses Pizzoni's Complexion Powder, and is a Lily.

An earthen pot filled with gold coin that the cashier
of a local bank values at \$12,000 was turned up
by the plough a few days ago by a farmer at work

"I'd rather have it than a Gov't Bond," in times
of sickness, N. K. Brown's Ess, Jamaica Ginger.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do
not render the bowels colic after operation, but,
on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy

John Mussey of Portland, Me., who graduated at
Bowdoin College in 1808—seventy-seven years ago—is
the oldest surviving graduate. He is now ninety-

A Wisconsin lumberman was caught by a rolling
log the other day and held so fast that he was
unable to get away. He yelled in vain for help.

The old story of the child and the serpent comes
anew from Carterville, Ga. This time the child was
the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Knight. The little

Gambling has grown to be so common a cause of
ruin in respectable towns of Berkshire, Mass.—Pitts-

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For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Economy. Prepared by MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

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Now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases,
suffered by psychometric diseases and the use of new reme-

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Turkish, Russian, Electric, Sulphur, Mercurial, Roman, and other Medications, Baths, the FINEST in the country, at the GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, near Jackson-st., near La Salle, Chicago.

These baths are a great luxury and most potent curative
agent. Nearly all forms of Disease Rapidly Disappear Under
their influence when properly administered. All who try

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Prepared and Magnified by Mrs. ZACHIA. It is an unerring remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

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To introduce the great household remedy, Gordon's King of Pain into every family, I will send a sample free to anyone sending address. Agents wanted. Address E. C. Richards, sole proprietor, Toledo, O.

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offer takes the shine from the geography of this country. Those willing to work six hours daily should investigate our practical and common sense method. Business suitable for grown persons, no boys. Address, Merrill Manufacturing Co., L. K. 10, Chicago.

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13 Useless Doctors!

In vain, physicians came, with subtle skill,
And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill;
With saddened looks they viewed her fury:
In solemn silence stethoscoped each lung;
From mouthing head to gait distorted form,
They searched, then said, "Poor woman, 'tis
[no go]!"

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE. Mrs. F. OATS, of Shrewsbury, Ill., writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors, I had not been able to walk the 'Favorite Prescription' for six months. After using it for three months, I was able to walk ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my household work."

TERRIBLE PAIN. Mrs. F. E. WILSON, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with female weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely to my great joy."

DOCTORS FAIL. "Female Weakness" Cured. Mrs. SARAH A. LOVELLY, Greenfield, Adir. Co., Iowa, writes: "I have been ill all summer with 'female weakness' and have tried every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit. I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicine. I received it and used it. Medical Advice, six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative' were sent me. I could walk a mile, and do light household work in six months. I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since."

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OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women. It is a powerful, Purgative, and a general debilitator, restoring, and curing, indigestion, bloating, eruptions of gas, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrapper around bottle. Price Reduced to \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY

should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages of instruction of diseases are given to the consideration of those afflicted. Illustrated with numerous Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous woodcuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER DISEASE.

G. W. LOTT, Tremont, La., writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever, loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, night sweats, and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restlessness, nervousness, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was."

A BAD CASE.

SAMANTHA GAINES, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "For six or eight years past, I have had a very bad case of liver complaint, with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder-blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvellous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

S. L. FISHER, Sidney Plains, N. Y., writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y., cured me of my debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' books, I procured a bottle, and after its use, a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles, she was a well woman. I have since used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and have produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

ABSCESS OF LIVER.

ISAAC GIBSON, Kennecott, Pa., writes: "My wife is getting well fast. I began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an abscess of the liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, six to one surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like the color of a blood ball) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

ROILS AND CARBUNCLES.

J. ADAMS, Esq., Toledo, Ohio, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am today free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

CONSTIPATION AND ULCERS.

Mrs. A. D. JOHNSON, Georgetown, Ky., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured but as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrophula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

LUNG DISEASE.

A Wonderful Cure.—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., Gloucester, Mass., writes: "Nearly five years ago, I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physics; another, a homeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick, I weighed 137 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memoranda books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the first bottle brought me around so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished my friends. I have taken two more since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

Consumption Cured.—W. J. HARTLEY, Fort Cruz, Ariz., writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in, and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment, was reduced to a skeleton, and a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

Consumption Cured.—J. ANTHONY SWINE, Donipola, Mo., writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a terrible cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



MARVELOUS BENEFITS.

Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, Galien, Michigan, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up at most thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for four months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvellous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of Newstead, Lincoln Co., Maine, says: "Five years ago I was bedfast for three months, and was almost dead. I had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

"DO LIKEWISE."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of Newstead, Lincoln Co., Maine, says: "Five years ago I was bedfast for three months, and was almost dead. I had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

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(Continued from 3rd Page)

one or two instances the released spirit was absolutely helpless, and required the immediate assistance of his spirit friends. In all these cases the new-born spirits appeared in perfect form, without any cloudy and misty envelopment, and certain of the spirits present were provided with loose robes with which they immediately clothed the emancipated spiritual bodies. In the case of a brother-in-law, his spirit-mother alone at first presented herself, his other friends remaining at a distance, but after he had been clothed, and had recognized and embraced his mother, these other friends approached, one by one, and in turn were also recognized and embraced. In one instance, that of a gentleman, his first wife was present to welcome him, and almost immediately—it was the same in the previous case—they soared upwards to his new home. She also was provided with a robe which she cast over her husband.

Knowing my desire to obtain all possible information relative to this subject, Red Jacket, the spirit-controller of Dr. C. T. Buffum, an hour or two before the death of an acquaintance of his medium, impressed the latter to visit him, and for the first time to be present at a death-bed scene, he having a strong aversion to being present on such occasions. When the last moments of the dying man approached, the medium was impressed to seat himself beside the bed and take his hand, thus placing himself in rapport with him. As the breathing became shorter, the spiritual eyes of the medium were opened, and he perceived the spiritual head of the patient emerging from the natural head, and when entirely free, an attendant spirit supported it with his hands; and when the shoulders were released, two other spirits, one on each side, supported these, and successively the body and limbs, as these were liberated; and then, when the birth was completed, the emancipated spirit was borne upwards and disappeared from the clairvoyant's view.

The course of the spirit whilst emerging from the physical body was through the head and in a direct line with that of the body as it laid extended on the bed, being therefore in a horizontal direction.

My other spirit-friends, through Dr. Kenney, assure me that in all the cases they have witnessed this description will apply. Red Jacket also assured me that he had been present at scores of death-bed scenes, and that in every instance the departing spirit came first into view as a distinctly and perfectly formed being.

Mr. Owen informed me that when he passed over he was met successively by his mother, father and other friends, and he immediately recognized them. He did not for a moment lose consciousness during his transition, but as the forms of surrounding earthly friends faded from view, and their voices grew less and less distinct, the forms of spirit friends came into clearer view, and he more distinctly heard their voices, and loving words of welcome. He further said the majority of persons lose consciousness during the change, but as the conditions vary to some extent with each case, while some remain in full possession of their faculties, others are unconscious for a brief time, perhaps a few minutes, while others still are so for hours, days, weeks, and in rare instances for months.

IS THE SPIRIT AFFECTED BY THE TREATMENT OF THE BODY?

We will here briefly consider the question of the spirit being affected by the treatment and disposition of its mortal remains. That in some instances certain relations exist for brief periods of time between departed spirits and their deserted bodies, is beyond question, but in the majority of instances no such relations continue to exist after the death of the body, and the liberated spirit is not in any degree affected by any treatment or disposition of the body.

Yet the fact remains that such relations do continue to exist in certain instances for greater or less periods of time, and it is difficult, if not impossible, for most persons to know, in particular cases, whether such relations do or do not exist; and where the question is involved in doubt we should avoid subjecting the remains to unnecessarily harsh treatment. Where such relations are temporarily continued, the liberated spirit is fully conscious of everything that is done to its cast-off body, and is pained by harsh treatment of it, or outrage perpetrated on it, or even insult offered to it, as if it still were inhabiting it, and for this reason, where practicable, none but friendly hands should be permitted to perform the last offices to the mortal remains.

In degree these objections apply to placing the body on ice, but here there is nothing to wound the feelings of the spirit; the worst that can ensue is the infliction, indirectly, of some degree of pain, provided magnetic relations continue to exist; but this cannot be of long continuance, for the effect of the cold would be to destroy the lingering remains of the sensibility of the body, and very soon to sever its relations with the spirit, and thus a desirable object may be attained at the cost of some degree of pain—perhaps only uneasiness—to the spirit. When the application of ice is continued for a reasonable time, surviving friends need have no apprehension of a premature burial.

In the instances mentioned above, post-mortem operations must inflict suffering on the spirit, but as with the great majority of spirits no relations continue to exist with their bodies after death, the objection to such operations applies only to the few, not to the many, but nevertheless only in special cases, and for urgent reasons, should they be permitted.

As to the effect of subjecting the body to cremation, this must necessarily be, to say the least, very unpleasant to a spirit who yet happens to retain magnetic relations with it, and especially if resorted to soon after death. Dust to dust is the natural way of disposing of the earthly remains of our departed friends. The natural process of decomposition destroys the conditions upon which this affinity depends, and consigning the body to the earth does not interfere with the progress of decomposition, provided it is inclosed in a wooden coffin, and not in one of metal, or stone. Of the propriety of using the latter for such purposes I have serious doubts, and am inclined to believe that in some instances—perhaps rare—where spirits have not yet become liberated from their bodies at the time of burial, they may have been imprisoned until released by certain spirits, who have been able to render this special service.

This is one of the many questions regarding which I have been unable to obtain entirely satisfactory information; but my apprehensions of possible evil arising from this cause are so decided that I would strenuously oppose this mode of disposing of the remains of any of my friends.

DANGER OF KISSING A DEAD BODY. As relating to the decomposition of the body, I would here, in the most serious manner, caution friends and relatives of the de-

ceased against the too common practice of kissing the dead body, and especially the lips, for the internal fluids are the first to decompose, and, under ordinary circumstances, through fermentation, portions of them, in from six to ten hours, find their way to the lips, and after that event whoever kisses the lips must necessarily be contaminated with putrescent matter. Neither is it always safe to do this, for there are instances recorded where serious illness, and even death, have resulted, as in the case of a Mrs. Bushnell, of Titusville, Pa., who died from the effects of kissing the dead body of her father. He died of erysipelas, and she had a slight sore on her lips, through which her blood was poisoned. And she was not the only sufferer, for her little daughter very nearly lost her life from kissing her mother. These poisonings occurred in June, 1880.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

The subject of premature burial is one that at times has engaged the attention of all thinking persons, but it is so repulsive that few dwell upon it, and when it is presented most of us are glad to dismiss it from our minds.

External signs of the presence or departure of the spirit are not always reliable. Fortunately these signs in the great majority of cases will determine the question beyond doubt, but still cases have occurred where all the usual external indications of death were present, yet the body was still tenanted by its spirit.

The usual indications of death, as recognized by medical authorities, are cessation of respiration, arrest of the action of the heart, loss of animal heat, rigor mortis, and putrefaction. But all these indications, except the last, are frequently present in cases of hysteria, epilepsy, narcosis, and concussion of the brain, and it is rarely the case that a burial is deferred until indisputable signs of decomposition present themselves. In France, a dead body must be interred within twenty-four hours after the extinction of life, and therefore it is not surprising that according to official statistics there were, from 1830 to 1855, no fewer than ninety-four persons buried alive, through accident or ignorance, in that country. This number can only include those cases in which the fact of premature burial had been ascertained. How many others, but a like fate which was never suspected, God alone knows. Dr. Thourret, of France, while disinterring bodies from a graveyard, converted into a public square, observed many skeletons in such strange and difficult postures as to convince him that they had been buried before life was extinct.

If, owing to the indecent haste with which dead bodies are disposed of in France, premature interments are there more frequent than with us, yet they do occur in this country so frequently that they cannot be regarded as rare, as the accounts of individual cases from time to time published testify. These narrations are too horrible to be copied here.

The time is now not distant when in all cases of doubtful death, the services of proved and reliable clairvoyants, or trance-mediums, will be called into requisition to solve the question. For this purpose trance-mediums are preferable to natural clairvoyants, as their own opinions upon the subject are less liable to interfere with a correct decision.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

Regarding the prevalent custom of mourning in black, it is simply a custom- relic of semi-barbarous ages, and is consistent with and symbolical of the erroneous and fearful views of death which formerly prevailed. It doubtless originated in them, and Spiritualists, with their knowledge of the true character and office of death, should on all proper occasions discountenance the custom, and if it be possible, never conform to it. Grief that ostentatiously arrays itself in uniform is always open to suspicion. Many who don the livery of woe, do so with satisfaction, if not pleasure, as a means of attracting the notice of others, and of enhancing their personal attractions. Real sorrow for the dead is too sacred to be thus advertised to the world, and the time is approaching when this solemn mockery of death will no longer be tolerated.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly, some time since, said some sensible things in reference to this custom, which we here quote:

"It is a strange thing in the ceremonialism of life that the frankness of emotions should be of all others bound the most to be conventional, that what is held to be the most sacred of emotions should be compelled to obtrude itself on all beholders and to trick itself out for the common gaze duly intended to the regulation pattern. Sorrow for the dead must be sorrow by the yard; regrets have their measure in the width of a hat band and the depth of a tuck. Other griefs are taught to go patient and obscure, but this flaunts itself in uniform, puts on, as it were, a label. 'Genuine grief, very decorous,' makes its outward gab its advertisement. And the display is avowedly and absolutely under the rules of fashion and etiquette; it has no spontaneous symbolism, no meaning of its own at all. It simply says, 'Look at me; this is how sorry my respectability requires me to be so far from consolation at this period of my grief; and society accepts the clothes as a formal certificate, and it is understood that, whether there be actual sorrow or no, there is no hypocrisy, since the respectability, not the sorrow, is what the clothes really indicate. The milliner's scales vary somewhat, but each milliner has her definite scale of lamentation in trimming, and the widow and the orphan costume their grief by her dictation. And if any lady, having to show the world that she has suffered a bereavement and is correctly afflicted by it, mistrusts the milliner's or the mourning salesman's authority, there are manuals on the etiquette of mourning to instruct her minutely, to a button or a frill, how to express the exact tribute of regret according to the degree of relationship, and, to a day, exactly how long to go on expressing it. There is no formality with so little feigning in it as the wearing mourning; for its matter of form nature is not merely confessed but made its chief claim to polite admiration."

It is an old proverb that "people who cry in velvet (or crape) shed rose-water tears." This is often the case, but when we consider the tyranny of this custom as it heretofore has existed, in compelling women, sometimes sorely against their will, to array themselves in the habiliments of woe, we may readily believe that the tears shed are at least sometimes those of vexation.

"Some persons," said Mr. Beecher, "cover up the pictures and the looking-glass, and hang a streak of night on the door-bell. They feel that an immense duty devolves upon them to be unhappy. Then they want a sexton, who looks like one sent from darkness, a black hearse, and black plumes, and they change their apparel. They have, it is true,

a hope that twenty years hence it may be different, while with the Christian, dying should mean never to die. Light shines into the darkness of Christian homes, and the darkness cannot comprehend it. If they could only stand where their friends stand, and hear the angels shout, that would be 'sowing in incorruption.'... Don't be afraid to die. Don't be afraid to let your children die. It is as if the rose-bush should say to its buds: 'Don't blossom; oh! don't blossom.' Dying is blossoming. There is nothing in this life like the life eternal. If I die, don't cry over me. Clap your hands, rather. If I fail and am put away in Greenwood, don't go to my grave saying, 'Here lies Henry Ward Beecher,' for, God knows, I won't lie there! If you have been indebted to me for help, plant your feet on my turf, and look up; for I won't hear anybody who don't hold his mouth toward heaven."

This advice, given by Mr. Beecher to his congregation, is equally applicable to Spiritualists. Spiritualism assures us that our departed friends are happy—provided they have lived true lives—and that even the vilest shall ultimately attain a state of happiness. We therefore cannot consistently, not to say with strict honesty, adopt a symbol of paganism, and make a parade of feelings which, even if real, would only prove that we were deficient in the spirit of our faith, and the comprehension of its philosophy and teachings.

"Go call for the mourners and raise the lament, Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent, But weep not for him who is gone to his rest, Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wait for the blest!" E. C.

THE PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

Views of Representative Men.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas delivered an able discourse last Sunday morning, taking for his text:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. xxii. 39. After a philosophical exposition of Egoism and Altruism Dr. Thomas concluded as follows:

We find, then, the facts of self, and not self; self and others; egoism, and altruism, or self-love, and benevolence; and what is needed for the best life of the individual, and of society, is that these two seemingly conflicting intimations should be harmonized in a proper ego-altruism, or in the just love of self, and of others in this, and in this alone, can be found the rest, the peace—the balance, the harmony of our troubled world. Oh, what a power is love to atone, to reconcile, to make peace, to fill with joy. When Jesus announced the equal love of self and of neighbor, and the love of the whole heart to God, as the sum of religion he declared the great, the final law of that divine harmony that is to rule all worlds.

Our subject, then, is narrowed down to the equal love of self and neighbor; and the first is the measure of the second; that is, we are to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. Self-love, then, is the first duty, and you may be surprised to hear me say that as a rule people do not love themselves enough, nor do they love themselves wisely and well. But such is the case; and it is also true that if one does not love himself he can not love his neighbor; and if he does not love his neighbor he can not love God.

As separate conscious personalities—each one being himself, and not another, and having his own body, and mind and heart, self-love is the first duty. This love should lead each one to provide food and shelter for his body; if each one would do this, there would be no want in the world. Self-love should lead to a proper care for health—to guard against danger and sickness; it should lead each one to cultivate his own mind and heart. Self-love, when analyzed, like love as a sentiment and principle, means self-respect; it means a high sense of justice. Love is more than a mere tenderness—more than sentimentality. Love is height, it is depth, it is royalty, it is dignity; it is greatness and nobility touched and warmed and glorified; love is life attuned to the just harmony of heaven. Oh, if men and women loved themselves aright, loved themselves wisely, they would blush and hide in shame at the thought even of yielding their bodies to intemperance or uncleanness. What! my hands be dishonored; my feet run in the ways of death; my tongue be false, my breast be filled with lust or hate; the name by which I am known be dishonored? Self-love, self-respect, a noble pride of being says no; forever no. I tell you a resurrection of a wise and powerful self-love, would be a resurrection of righteousness, of the nobility of manhood and womanhood in our world. It would not be a false pride; not vanity; but the greatness that comes from self-care, and self-effort, the dignity of worth, and the beauty of humility.

And such an egotism is in itself one form of altruism. It relieves the public from care and burden by making the individual self-supporting and upright. If all who can would take care of themselves the few who from sickness or losses actually need help would not be a tax upon the public. And then, further, the self-love that leads to self-support would by its habits of industry and economy lead on to increasing wealth; to the ability to provide not only for one's self and family but to bear a part in the work of the world.

Society can become strong only as its individual members become strong; and this must begin with a wise love and care for self and family and home.

But self-love, as we have seen, is self-sufficient; its fountains must send forth their streams to make up the great rivers and oceans of the larger world—life. This is the law of nature, the law of God. Everything in nature is itself; but everything contributes to and becomes a part of the greater whole. Earth, air, water, clouds, and rain, and sunshine, and life all unite to make a world, and suns and systems unite to make a universe. And so it requires all the industries and the professions; law, medicine, government, religion; thought, reason, art, beauty, song, justice, love, to make up the great world-life of mankind; and the love of self and the love of others as self is the divine law that alone can reconcile conflicting interests and prejudices between the one and the many, between parties and sects and states and nations, and bring all into the universal harmony. To love others as we love ourselves is to work for ourselves that others may not have to work for us; it is to wish for others all that we wish for ourselves—the liberty, the prosperity, the honor, the peace, the rest, the joy of life, and the hope of heaven. Wishing all this for others as for ourselves, we shall hinder none, harm none, "for love worketh no evil;" and we shall gladly join hands with the toiling millions of earth in every good cause.

And now, a word of special application to the present condition of our city and coun-

try seems proper. The last few centuries have witnessed a wonderful overflowing and outflowing the great thought and life forces of mankind. Personal liberty, the liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press, and the right of the people to govern themselves have flown out from the few to the many. Such results have not been reached without great cost, long wars, and bloody revolutions. A way has been opened for the larger and more hopeful intercourse of men and nations; and at each step the need and the value of peace have been clearly perceived as a condition of this higher order of progress. And hence reason and right have come to the foreground, and treaties and arbitrations are taking the place of war.

Of all the countries on earth, this land offers to all—to rich and poor, to every language and race—the largest liberty and equality, and the fairest and best opportunities of success. And for this reason the laws of this country should be respected and cheerfully obeyed by all. For much of the development of this land we are indebted to the honest, hard-working men and women who have crossed the sea to make this their home. The genius of our government welcomes them all; they are welcomed by every American; they are Americans now—for this is, must be one country, and one government, and one people.

But some have come here with feelings of bitterness against the institutions of law and religion that they left behind; they have carried these hatreds with them, and they are unable to appreciate our larger liberty, they oppose law and religion here. They are ignorant and unreasonable; they are disturbers of the public peace and promoters of trouble. They have been borne with in this and other great cities in the hope that time and experience would correct their folly and madness. That hope has been vain. The tragedy of last Tuesday night, when these anarchists and socialists who have been permitted to arm and parade our streets and carry insulting banners and make revolutionary speeches, attacked the police with dynamite and pistols, has brought on a crisis. They openly defied and attacked the law; they shot down the officers of the law; they aimed a blow at the liberty and protection of every man, woman and child in this city. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Spies will not speak on the lake front this afternoon. And let every one who loves Chicago, who loves law and order and the peace of society, rise up and say that never again shall the red flag disgrace our streets. We owe it to the brave men who were murdered—we do well to give money to their families, but we owe something to the cause in which they lost their lives.

And all this is urged on the principles of the law of love. There is nothing more just than love; there is nothing stronger than love. We love law and order because we love ourselves and our neighbors. We love law and order because we love liberty, and liberty without law is impossible. And let the love of self and the love of others and the love of right come in to regulate the great questions of labor and business; let justice be done in all things and by all men; let all be friends in this land—friends of law, of liberty.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS ON ANARCHISM.

At the meeting on Sunday last of the new Church of the Holy Cross in Baltimore, Archbishop Gibbons took advantage of the presence of a large number of foreigners, and spoke forcibly on the signs of anarchism that have recently been developed in America. In his remarks on loyalty to country he said: "The government of the United States is a government for the benefit of the people. Strangers from every part of Europe are welcome to our shores. Like the sun, that shines for all, the government of our country sheds its genial rays upon all classes, without regard to race, nationality, or religion. The glorious banner of our country protects alike the humble and the poor, the mighty and the rich. Every man in the United States has an opportunity for earning for himself an honest livelihood, and may have opportunities of acquiring an independent fortune.

The German population forms an important conservative and influential element, and the same may be said of the Irish population throughout the United States as well as of the other nationality. They contribute largely to the development of the resources of this country and daily augment our material prosperity. But, as the events of the last few days in Chicago have shown there exists in this country a small, but turbulent element, composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism and nihilism. These men are land pirates, preying upon the industry, commerce, and trade of the country. Their favorite weapon is dynamite. Their mission is to destroy rather than build up. Instead of strengthening the hands of the government that upholds and protects them they are bent upon its destruction. Instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, they insult and strike her. If these men had their way industry and trade would be paralyzed, honest labor would be unrewarded, and gaunt poverty would stalk over the land. They have no conception of true liberty. They would retain the lion's share of freedom, leaving to others only a morsel. The citizens of the United States enjoy the amplest liberty, but it is a liberty of law, of order and authority. Liberty without law degenerates into license. We have no standing armies in this country, and I am glad of it, for such armies are a great drain upon the resources of a country, and necessarily condemn large numbers of men to a life of forced idleness. The strongest force of a nation lies in the laws of the land, judiciously administered, and these laws are upheld and sustained by a healthy public opinion. The strongest bulwark of a nation is found in the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of its native and adopted citizens.

So long as they love their country and cherish her institutions and are ready to die for her, if necessary, we will have nothing to fear from anarchism, socialism, and nihilism. Socialism is a foreign plant, a noxious exotic, which grows only in dark places, and withers and decays under the genial sun and atmosphere of the United States.

SWING'S STIRRING SENTENCES.

"Over the graves of our brave policemen," said Prof. Swing last Sunday, "many of us are longing, with Apostle John, for a new Jerusalem. The events of the last week have at last awakened us to a fitting astonishment at the possibility that men born and bred in a great city like this can reach years of maturity without one beam of intelligence or a single gleam of common sense ever crossing their minds. For what else than this can we say of the Anarchists? In the light of recent occurrences we are irresistibly led to ask how far our pride in our great Republic is justified. If men can pass their lives among us thus, never touched by one ray of religious, social or political truth, what can we say of America and what of Chicago? We welcome to our shores all loyal-hearted Irishmen, and Bohemians, and men from the Northland to

partake of our freedom, but we need a careful definition of what that freedom is. If it means the license to proclaim the gospel of disorder, to preach destruction, and scatter the seeds of anarchy and death, the sooner we exchange the Republic for an iron-handed monarch the better it will be for all of us. The cry which we need to hear that America is for Americans was vicious in its application, but we must adopt a new motto: 'America must be Americanized.' The foreigners who come to our shores must come imbued with sympathy for American institutions. We do not ask for Americans by birth—our citizens may have been born in the ends of the earth—but we must demand that they be Americans in spirit; and surely if the genius of our institutions permits us to exclude the industrious and inoffensive Chinaman, it canno be powerless to banish the idle preachers of anarchy and blood, though born under European skies. Our Government ought to require of every immigrant an official certificate that he is an industrious farmer or artisan—a man of good character, and not an Anarchist and man of blood. We quarantine against bodily disease, but against the deadliest moral evil we offer no resistance. If freedom is to be more than a name, and liberty is not to become a mockery, we must adopt some safe-guard to keep across the sea those evil-minded men who fear the police of a monarchy and laugh at that of a republic. Let us resolve, over the graves of the policemen who died truly in the defense of American freedom, to do all we can to spread the truth and disseminate the spirit of our liberty among those to whom, without some help, a ray of truth never comes."

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